

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

No. 3.

THOUGHTS AT NIAGARA.

'Twas 's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall !
'Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recall.' MONSTER.

NUMBERS have labored to describe this imposing spectacle, but no pen can exhaust the subject, or do full justice to its grandeur. It is great, indescribable, mighty; and the sensations it produces are indefinite, confused, and wholly unlike and above the emotions raised by other scenes and other causes. It would be presumption to offer a description; although the image of the passing moment is so deeply fixed in the mind, that all else can be dismissed at pleasure, and the imagination conduct us, as often as we will, to a seat on Table-Rock where we can again see the dashing waters roll up in billows above the verge, then gliding over, literally tumble into myriads of particles before they are lost in the rising spray.

One idea impressed me strongly, while enjoying this triumph of Nature's eccentricities; that the Canada Fall was to the American as Great Britain to the United States. Both of the same majestic pattern, equally lofty, created by the same stream, and side by side; but the former more powerful, more irresistible, more overwhelming; while the latter possesses another kind of beauty, less angry, less furious, less threatening, but yet grand and magnificent, and, take away the other fall, incomparable.

Undoubtedly in ages past this mighty tide rolled over in an unbroken sheet; but having worn away in a slow retreat to its present position, a rock unyielding and immovable separated the stream into two unequal divisions; and, judging from the past, the future would seem to forewarn changes equally great. The Canada Fall, however, can gain nothing by the wearings of time. It can have no larger proportion, no higher ledge; but on the other hand, some shifting rock, some rupture in the bed of the river above, may direct the larger share into the American channel, and the relative character of the two be reversed.

The comparison to some extent will hold of the two govern-

ments. Our ancestors were common. The same language, the same literature, and the same religion supplied, and continues to supply us both; and although a rock impassable has divided us, we continue in civilization to stand side by side. Great Britain, however, stretches her dominion through the world. The channel of her power is deeper, and its full current sweeps along with irresistible force. She has attained her full meridian, and stands forth the mammoth power of the present age; with her ensign unfurled to every breeze, and her ambassadors upon every isle. She draws within her influence 'earth's remotest bounds;' but, if we rightly estimate the indications of the times, her political meridian has no higher degree; and when she moves from her present position, it is even more probable that she will 'hasten to her setting' than be borne along in her present attitude by the shifting currents of time.

Our republic, in contrast with it, presents the figure of aspiring, expanding youth, and vigorous age. The youth of the parent stock; but, being educated in a different school, and upon another soil, and having shaped out a separate course, founded upon the experience of the past, has formed juster estimates of the dignity and independence of man; of his social immunities; of his inborn liberty; of his equality of right with all mankind; and of his constituting a part of the national sovereignty, rather than its appendage. His free-born genius has unfolded while struggling for these essential principles; and guided by their inspiration, he stretches forward in the career of intellectual and moral expansion, promising ere long to excel immeasurably the sturdy parent, whose genius is encumbered by prejudice, aristocracy, and regalism, and blunted by long and arduous toil.

Unlike the two Falls in extent, neither Great Britain, nor any civilized nation, possesses such a valuable, continuous, and available territory as constitutes the American republic. It reaches, with hill and plain, river and mountain, from ocean to ocean. The waters of the Missouri wander for five thousand miles through its breadth, and yet find their source and discharge within its limits. If, excepting Russia, we double all the kingdoms and States of Europe, and suppose the area to be extended over the Union, an empire as large as Spain would still be left: indeed it is almost impossible to appreciate the territorial magnitude of this grand confederacy, on the imposing scale on which its government is instituted.

For the beautiful and grand in natural scenery, it is saying little to assert that ours is unrivalled. From that variety which stirs the milder feelings, up to that which rouses the highest emotions, it seems to furnish the whole catalogue of the pleasing and the sublime. It offers to us 'rivers that move in majesty;' the bright and gentle scenery of the inland lake,

'On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky;'

— 'Antres vast,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven;'

and lastly, Niagara's rushing tide, the triumph of the grand in nature.

The comparison might be continued in some other respects. The American Fall presents a plain, bold, and widely extended front, while the Canadian is sinuous, and bears deeper marks of the surges' wild career. In like manner the English government has been irregularly extended by the convulsions of time; enlarging its empire by every vicissitude, and swelling its resources even by calamity. Its institutions also have been essentially modified, almost revolutionized, during the long struggles for the emancipation of mind. On the other hand, ours exhibits the same unbroken and formidable outline by which it was originally bounded. Not a fragment has crumbled, but it has rather been rendered geographically complete. Relying upon no foreign possessions for its magnitude; upon no navy or army for its strength; it trusts the future to the guidance of the American mind; those mighty energies now unfolding in the sunny atmosphere of free institutions, and cultivating in that republican school which recognizes no degradation but ignorance, and no distinction save substantial and virtuous worth.

Leaving any farther comparisons, which are idle except as a mere matter of novelty, it may not be amiss to consider the *pretension* so often reiterated, that our institutions are levelling. What does this vague charge mean? Do they obstruct personal effort, or the pursuit of happiness, or the cultivation of the mind? Do they draw from the husbandman his earnings, from the artisan the fruits of his skill, from commerce its reward? No; so far from shackling man, the philosophy of all Americanism seems to be to open wide the gates to the field of human exertion; inviting every citizen freely to enter and reap according to his abilities; and emphatically to make the utmost of the powers which the Deity has bestowed. Where then is the prostrating tendency detected by the aristocrat in our institutions? It must be because they do not establish and sustain a Patrician race, exalted by territory, wealth, and prerogative. If this is the levelling into which such charges may be resolved, it has precisely a contrary effect, and is much more a matter of commendation than reproach. Republicanism does not seek the elevation of a few, but of all; and this principle is one of profound wisdom, guiding more directly to national greatness than any other political maxim, aside from its inherent justice to man. We have yet to learn that intellect and moral worth require the sustenance of hereditary wealth and place; while ignorance coupled with arrogance would merit contempt, no matter how it was habited. On the other side, aristocracies organized and sustained by law have in all ages, without doubt, produced more misery among men than all the desolations of faction, the rapacity of military commanders, and the tyranny of kings combined. We need no American mandarins to wrest by legitimatized oppression that free, unbroken spirit from the great mass of citizens which must constitute the energy of the nation. Our republic, however, does recognize an order of Patricians, though it rises high above the region of factitious distinctions. Taking the monument for its

emblem, the corner-stone of the order is virtue. The pedestal, intellect. The shaft, mental progress, and usefulness to man. The summit, grandeur, sublimity of character. It is composed of Franklins, Marshalls, WASHINGTONS, and the ascendancy of such Patricians is founded on the grateful appreciation of the people of eminent usefulness and exalted worth. If the Pisos, Antoniuses, and Scipios of Rome, together, with the swarming host of Europe's privileged characters shall fade even from the page of history, our WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN will live 'through the still lapse of ages,' with perpetual freshness in the minds of men. Such men need no commemorative column, sculptured with their deeds or lineage; and as Napoleon dated his patent of nobility from the battle of Monte Notte, so does theirs bear date with the commencement of their public usefulness.

Turning once more to the Falls of Niagara. Our national boundary divides it, assigning a part to the British empire, thus forming a natural but most remarkable division, the centre of a raging river and a mighty fall. We can all cordially approve the poetical exclamation of a distinguished Englishman:

'Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep;
And till the conflict of the surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!'

AQUARIUS.

S T A N Z A S T O A L A D Y .

BY W. H. HERBERT.

I.

How sweet the time, when morning's prime
First brightens into day,
And fields of dew from skies of blue
Receive the glittering ray!

II.

More sweet the hour, when Passion's power
First sways the yielding frame,
And heart and soul, and mind and sense,
Dissolve in Love's soft flame.

III.

Oh! sweet the light, that gilds the night
From many a glorious star,
And bright the beam, whose golden gleam
The sun shoots forth afar!

IV.

But sweeter far than sun or star,
The light of that dark eye,
Whose dazzling glance and dreamy trance
The shining spheres outvie.

M O H A W K .

A CLUSTER OF SONNETS TOUCHING THAT VALLEY.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

IV.

HARK! how the cool wind shakes this tent-like screen
 Of thick and rustling leaves. No sultry heat
 Flames 'mid this spicy air and twilight sweet,
 Or steepes the fresh moss, shaded by the green
 O'erhanging branches. Let the hot sun beat
 Upon the haze-filmed forest-tops; for me,
 Amid this hush, inviolate sanctity,
 Where all that's best and holiest seems to meet,
 The noontide hours shall gently glide away
 In quiet meditation. Thou, meanwhile,
 That wearest 'mid thy banks through many a mile
 Of wood and moorland the fierce beams of day,
 Shall be the almoner of many a story,
 Hallowed with daring deeds and ancient border-glory!

V.

THE MOHAWK GIRL.

'A NOBLE race! but they are gone,
 With their old forests wide and deep!'—BRYANT.

WHERE are the painted skiffs that rocked between
 These clumps of willow? 'Neath this twinkling shade
 Of waving bushes, which o'erhead have made
 For the smooth waters a light emerald screen,
 Thick with young leaves, and mingling stems, that lean
 Mid briars and grass-tufts where the wren hath laid
 Her speckled eggs—the shell-decked Indian maid
 Sees her wild costume in the trembling green
 No longer. Haply by this mossy cove
 Of rocking silver she hath twined her locks
 With daisies and wild-roses from the rocks;
 Roses, the summer growth of this dark grove,
 And dewy violets from the splintered blocks
 Of yonder bluff, with vines and weeds inwove.

VI.

CHEEKS olive-bright, o'er which the blaze of noon
 Kindled a sweeter crimson; jetty braid,
 And meek eyes where the summer heaven had made
 Its bluest glory; speech, which like the tune
 Of winds among the beechen boughs at noon,
 Scattered soft music through the stooping shade;
 She seemed some 'delicate Ariel' of the glade,
 Whose life was one of sunshine. Fair, yet soon,
 Too soon! that creature of fond romance passed
 With the brief beauty of her gentle look,
 Dark lock and wampum by the cool wind shook,
 And all that I had deemed most sweet to last;
 Yet not less fleetly have her race forsook
 Those natural rights which once they held so fast.

Utica, July, 1843.

H. W. R.

THE INNOCENCE OF A GALLEY-SLAVE.

BY 'THE BULWER OF FRANCE.'

ABOUT two o'clock one morning in the month of September, 1828, the country houses situated on the banks of the Garonne, between Reole and Cadillac were steeped in that profound stillness to which the repose of the city is a stranger; and when, in the words of DELISLE, 'one sees only night and hears only silence.' A single villa standing alone in the middle of a park of moderate extent, seemed to form an exception to the general repose. From a window on the first floor, at the eastern angle of this building, streamed forth a gleam of light so faint that at a short distance it would be necessary to regard it very attentively to be certain of its existence. A lover of adventure, who would take the pains to scale the park-wall, climb the balcony, and then support himself on the outside of this window, might perchance deem himself sufficiently repaid for his trouble by the mysterious picture there displayed to his curiosity. Between two curtains of blue silk the eye might distinguish the interior of a sleeping apartment, furnished with elegance and taste, and dimly lighted by a night-lamp. Upon a bed in a recess of the room, a female in the flower of youth and of surpassing loveliness was lying in a slumber whose feverish agitation betrayed the presence of one of those tenacious emotions, which not even the temporary suspension of thought and sensation can interrupt. Near the bed, watched a man mute and motionless, with forehead pale and furrowed with the traces of old age. With head bent over the pillow, breathless, and apparently attempting to restrain with one hand the throbbings of his heart, he seemed to catch with sinister avidity the half-uttered words which a painful dream apparently forced from the lips of the sleeper.

'His name! she will not pronounce his name!' exclaimed the old man, after a vain effort to distinguish the broken sounds, and casting around him a look of impotent rage.

'Arthur!' murmured the fair sleeper, as if some fatal power had suddenly broken the last seal which still guarded the half-betrayed secret of her dreams.

'Arthur!' repeated the old man, starting as if this name had been a dagger ready to pierce his bosom; 'Arthur d'Aubian! and I refused to give credence to it. Arthur! blind fool that I have been!'

With a convulsive gesture he brushed away the moisture which stood upon his livid brow, and leaning over the bed, more hateful to him than a yawning sepulchre, he again put his ear close to the fresh and rosy mouth from whence issued these empoisoning words.

'I can go no farther!' murmured the young female, making an

effort to rise ; ' thy life is in peril ; mine is nothing ; but thine — No, I can no more ! He has suspicions ; he will kill you ! '

She uttered a stifled sob, trembled from head to foot, and suddenly, with a painful exertion, started to a sitting position. The old man, thinking she had awoke, glided behind the bed-curtains to conceal himself from her view ; but without opening her eyes, she remained for some moments immovable in the position she had assumed. Gradually the changes in her countenance betokened those of her thoughts ; the terror impressed upon her features gave place to an expression of contemplation, which in turn changed to one of anxious and profound attention. At length, as if the excitement of her nerves had reached the degree of intensity at which the phenomena of somnambulism commence, bending her head, as if to catch some distant sound, she suddenly arose, threw over her shoulders a night-robe, and gliding on tip-toe, cautiously approached the window.

' Midnight ! ' said she, in a low tone ; ' there is not a drop of blood in my veins ; the wall is so high ! Should he fall ! Hark ! I hear him in the garden. How loudly he walks ! It is the gravel they have put upon the paths. Oh ! this is, this *must* be, the last time : I shall tell him so. This fear is worse than death ! '

With a precision in her movements manifesting that internal clairvoyance, of which science has not yet offered us a satisfactory explanation, the somnambulist, whose eye-lids were still closed, extinguished the night-lamp and drew the bolt of the door. She then drew aside the curtains, and opened the window, without the slightest sound reaching the ears of her husband, who a few paces behind her followed this pantomime with looks of sullen fury. She next took from her work-box a long riband, which she unrolled from the window, until it might be supposed to touch the ground ; a moment afterward she drew it in, and made a movement as if she were attaching the hook of a rope-ladder to the balcony. Then, breathless and palpitating, she withdrew into the interior of the chamber. Suddenly she opened her arms, and threw them around an imaginary being, murmuring in impassioned tones, ' My life ! my life ! ' She embraced but empty space, and remained for some time as if confounded, with arms crossed upon her bosom.

' Arthur ! ' cried she at length, aloud, and rushed in a wild paroxysm of terror toward the balcony. The feeble hands of her husband found strength for the moment to hold her back.

' I am terrified ! I must not be terrified ! ' exclaimed she, in a low voice, as she struggled in his arms. The anxiety of the loving woman had now given place to the instinct peculiar to persons subject to somnambulism ; who with an incomprehensible perception of their situation, dread above all things being suddenly awakened. But the paroxysm had been too violent for a peaceful termination. Those mysterious filaments by which the soul extends itself during the slumber of the organs which are its accustomed agents, were suddenly severed ; as the chords of a harp are snapped by the contact of too rude a hand. The young woman awoke, and uttered

stified shrieks at finding herself, in profound darkness, in the clasp of unknown arms, which held her tightly in their embrace.

'It is I, Lucia,' said the old man, with a painful effort; 'it is I; be not afraid.'

Releasing her from his grasp, he then lighted the candles, closed the window, and with an air of composure approached his wife, who was now seated on the bed, gazing around in silent amazement.

'What has happened?' demanded she, pressing her forehead with both hands; 'I have a chaos, a volcano in my head! How came you here?'

'I heard you walking,' replied the husband, in a subdued voice; 'I was afraid that you were ill, and came up.'

'Can you hear one walking here from your chamber?' replied Lucia, with a secret terror.

'It is the first time it has happened. Your sleep has never before been so disturbed.'

'What a dreadful thing to be a somnambulist!' said she, bending down her head; 'and they say there is no remedy for it.' She then added, faintly: 'Did I *peak* while asleep?'

'No,' replied the old man, whose exterior remained cold, while his nails were tearing his bosom. He then took a light, wished his young wife a more peaceful remainder of the night, and descended to his apartment. On entering the room his strength failed him, and he sank into an arm-chair, where he remained for some time exhausted and almost insensible. At length that moral energy which physical decay does not always destroy, awoke fierce and implacable in the old man's heart, which at first had seemed almost broken by the discovery of his dishonor.

'How can I kill her!' exclaimed he, wringing his hands in agony. 'Her! I cannot; I have not the courage. But he! *he!* the aggressor! the spoiler! He will refuse to fight. He will talk of my years; and every one will side with him. For it is allowable, ay, it is deemed an honorable thing, to pluck from an old man the happiness of his declining days; to hold up his name to ridicule and contempt; to make him the victim of shame and despair; but to cross weapons with him, *that* would be to outrage his gray hairs! And have they not reason? My sight is weak; my hand feeble; in a duel, I should fall without avenging myself. He would spare me, perhaps! Ha! ha! No! no duel; no uncertainty; no hazard. His death at all events, even if I must assassinate him!'

The injured husband passed the remainder of the night in revolving in his mind a thousand plans of vengeance. At day-break he arose, and walked for a long time in the park before any one in the house was stirring. At length a gardener whom he had employed in working on the terrace, met him at a turn of the walk. At sight of the old man the workman took off his cap and approached him with an air of mystery.

'Monsieur Gorsay,' said he, 'I am glad that you have come out so early; I have something to tell you, and I had as lief have none of the others present.'

'What is it, Piquet?' demanded the old man, in a quick tone.

'It is this, Monsieur Gorsay: somebody has broken into the little green-house where we keep our tools. Last night, through forgetfulness, I left my jacket there, in which was my watch, a real silver one, bran new, which cost me, 'pon honor, eighteen francs. There were beside in one of the pockets four crowns, and at least three francs in small change. I found the jacket—proof of which, you may see it on my back—but the watch and the money, parbleu! not a shadow of them to be seen.'

'Don't your workmen go into this green-house?' observed M. Gorsay.

'You have hit it; it is one of them that has done it; I'll put my hand into the fire else.'

'Whom do you suspect?'

'Jean Pierre and Vacherôt are both natives here. I have known them for twenty years, and would answer for them as I would for myself. There is no one, saving your presence, but that sulky Bonnemain who could have thought of such a thing.'

'Bonnemain!' repeated the old man, who seemed as if he was reflecting deeply upon something.

'Yes, he; I have always mistrusted that town fellow,' replied Piquet; 'beside, he spoils work so that I am ashamed of him. He calls himself a gardener, and cannot make a graft!'

'But,' said Monsieur Gorsay, who seemed to take a greater interest in this affair than might have been supposed, 'you have only suspicions, and it is necessary to have proofs.'

'Proofs! here is one that I think clear enough,' replied the gardener, taking from his pocket a little nail, which he held between his fore-finger and thumb; 'look at this new nail which I found under the green-house window. Nobody but Bonnemain has got such as these in his shoes, which he bought the other day at La Reole, and by my faith! there is one gone from the right foot; I noticed it yesterday when he took them off to go down into the fish-pond.'

'Have you mentioned this to any one?'

'No, no; I am not such a fool;' replied the gardener, with a knowing air; 'I wished first to take your advice on the subject.'

'You have acted very prudently, Piquet. Say nothing of this until you hear farther from me; and when you see Bonnemain, send him to me: I will make him speak, I warrant you.'

Piquet shook his head, doubtingly. 'He is a stubborn dog; you will find him the devil to confess, Monsieur Gorsay.'

The old man dismissed the gardener with an abrupt movement of the head, and walked slowly toward the house. He entered his apartment, and there waited with a strange feeling of impatience for the presumed perpetrator of the theft, who was not long in making his appearance at the room door, where he stopped, cap in hand, with an air of respect.

Bonnemain was a man of about forty years of age, of a strongly built frame, rather a mild countenance, and dressed with a sort of care and pretence which seemed foreign to his occupation.

'Shut the door and come this way,' said M. Gorsay to him; at the same time closing the window at which he was sitting.

After obeying him, the laborer remained standing upright and motionless; his whole appearance and demeanor calm and collected.

'Bonnemain, or rather Baptiste Leroux,' said the old man, regarding him with a fixed and piercing eye, 'a robbery has been committed in my house. Innocent or guilty, you have been suspected, for your previous course of life renders you liable to suspicion; beside, there are proofs in the present case, and an investigation will doubtless bring others to light. You have already suffered a severe punishment, and as an old offender you are doubtless well aware of the sentence that awaits you — the galleys for life.'

'My good Sir!' replied Bonnemain, with an air of astonishment which might have deceived even a practised judge, 'you fill me with amazement! I give you my word of honor, Monsieur Gorsay, that I am innocent. It is true I have been in trouble, and I cannot deny it; because when I came here to look for work, I had to show you my passport. But because one has been caught in a foolish scrape in his youth, that is no reason why he should be a rogue all his life. As sure as there is a God who hears us, I know nothing at all about this matter.'

'For what crime were you condemned the first time to the galleys?' demanded Monsieur Gorsay.

'For a little faux pas I had the misfortune to commit when I was in a mercantile house,' replied the freed convict, with an air of contrition.

'For an assassination,' replied the old man, lowering his voice, but with marked emphasis; 'for an assassination, committed upon the person of a tax-gatherer, from whom you expected to get what he had received, but which, happily for you, he chanced not to have about his person at the time. I say happily for you, for the robbery not having been committed, and the premeditation not proven before the jury, you were only sentenced to the galleys. At Toulon your good conduct gained you a commutation of punishment, and instead of finishing your days in confinement, you were set free at the end of ten years. You see I am well informed.'

'Ah! old fox!' thought Baptiste Leroux, alias Durand, alias Lejeune, alias Bonnemain, 'if you and I were alone in some dark wood, your business should soon be done for you, old fellow!'

Monsieur Gorsay seemed to divine the sanguinary thoughts of the man, for he cast his eyes with an uneasy look toward the window. He was reassured, however, by the presence of some men who were working in the garden at a short distance. In broad day, in his own house, and within reach of such assistance, he felt that he had nothing to fear from the fury with which the convict seemed filled, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it. He therefore continued the conversation, but it was rather with the familiarity of a friendly counsellor, than the severity of a vindictive judge.

'Hitherto,' said he, 'you have experienced nothing but misfortune; you have passed ten years in the galleys for a murder by

which you gained nothing; and here you are on the point of going back again for life, for stealing a paltry watch, worth perhaps twenty francs.'

'It was not worth ten!' answered Bonnemain, who instantly bit his lips till the blood sprang from them.

'Ten or twenty,' replied the old man, with an ironical smile, 'it matters little; the main point is, that the robbery can be proved. Indeed, it is so now, by your own confession. I shall be obliged to have you arrested.'

'You will then arrest an innocent man,' said the convict, losing in spite of himself somewhat of his assurance.

Monsieur Gorsay bent down his head, and remained for some time with downcast eyes; raising them at length, he fixed upon Bonnemain a look which seemed as if it would pierce the inmost recesses of a soul degraded by habitual vice. 'Suppose,' said he to him, 'that instead of giving you up to justice, I should furnish you with the means of repairing to Bordeaux, and from thence of embarking for a foreign port; St. Sebastian, or Bilboa, for instance; suppose farther, that not content with saving you, I should remit you a sum of money sufficient to set up an establishment somewhere out of France, which would place you beyond the reach of want; ten thousand francs, for instance. What would you think of such a proposal?'

All the emotion evinced by the galley-slave at this munificent and unlooked-for proposition, was an almost imperceptible movement of the lips. With the sagacity of that class of persons who gain their livelihood by a criminal and not always bloodless industry, he comprehended in an instant that a bargain and not a deed of benevolence was in the wind. This conviction at once restored all his wonted audacity; for to bargain with a superior is for the time to become his equal.

'What should I think, Monsieur Gorsay?' replied he, after seeming to reflect for a little while; 'by my faith! I should say, 'Bonnemain, it is not for your beautiful eyes that ten thousand francs are offered you. In truth, somebody has need of you for a job that is worth the money. Egad! a fine *pour boire* is ten thousand francs!'

'And this job; will you undertake it?' demanded the old man, in a concentrated voice.

'That depends on circumstances,' said Bonnemain. 'I never turn my back upon work. It is only your lazy dogs who refuse to work. But still, one must know what the matter in hand is.'

'Suppose it is something of deep importance?'

'Something like the affair of the tax-gatherer, is it not?' demanded the convict, with a significant smile.

'It is,' replied M. Gorsay, in a deep tone.

'Only this time,' continued the convict, 'instead of having an eye upon the government money, the business in hand, perhaps, is to get rid of a tall young fellow who scales walls and climbs into windows as if he had been brought up to it?'

'You have seen him then?' exclaimed the old man, put off his guard by this unexpected revelation.

'Listen to me, Monsieur Gorsay,' said Bonnemain, coolly; 'we must be plain with each other in this matter. I will speak frankly, and tell you all I know. Beside, I am not now afraid of your denouncing me. That fool of a Piquet leaving his jacket, with his watch and money, in the little green-house, put some notions in this noddle of mine. And beside, I chanced just then to be a little cramped for the needful. And after all, the best of us are but human. See me then in the park, by the wall, behind the plane trees. On a sudden I hear a noise just above me. At first I thought it was a cat or a marmot; but no such thing; it is a man who lets himself down the wall, and then marches straight toward the house. 'Good!' thinks I to myself; 'here's a comrade who has perhaps got a better idea than mine, and may-be there will be shares for two.' It was near midnight, and as dark as an oven. All's one to me; so I slip off my shoes and follow. Behold him now just under your window. I lay me flat down on the turf, so that in turning he might not see me. What then do I see? A window opens above, something white appears, and up my gentleman climbs in a twinkling. 'Excuse me,' says I to myself; 'it seems my comrade has got a friend inside the house, and we are hunting for different game.' And so, seeing that the affair was not in my line, I set about my own little business.'

'Did you recognize this man?' demanded the old man, in a husky tone.

'I think,' replied the galley-slave with a grin, 'that you had better ask that question of Madame Gorsay, who saw him nearer than I did.'

'Did you recognize him?' repeated the husband of Lucia, in a tone of thunder.

'Yes,' said Bonnemain coolly, 'I did; it was your neighbor, Monsieur Arthur d'Aubian, who lives down by the river, about twenty minutes' walk from here.'

'Well, it is he that must be put to death!' said the old man, rising in a transport of fury.

'I do not say yes, I do not say no;' replied he of the galleys, with an air of nonchalance. 'I risk my ball at this game; if I lose, I know what I must expect; if I win —'

'You shall have ten thousand francs;' said M. Gorsay, interrupting him.

'That is more than my carcase is worth, there is no doubt about it; I do not find fault with the price. But the deed once done, who will assure me that I get my pay? You may guess I shall not have much time to wait; and, as they say, one does not find ten thousand francs on horseback; you have not perhaps a quarter of that sum in your house; for although one may be rich, yet that is no reason for keeping so much ready money about him.'

Instead of replying to this objection, the old man approached a secretary which stood near the chimney, opened it, displaced one of the drawers, and drew out from a secret cavity a wooden bowl, containing some twenty little rouleaus; he took three or four of

these in succession, and tearing off their coverings, let fall on the writing-table a shower of gold. All the emotion evinced by the convict at this sight, was a sudden sparkle of the eye, and a gloating smile, which was instantly repressed by his thin and colorless lips.

‘You see your money is ready for you,’ said M. Gorsay. ‘Is the bargain concluded?’

‘When one does not pay in advance, it is the custom to give an earnest,’ replied Bonnemain, twisting his hands behind his back, to resist the temptation.

‘There then,’ said the old man, giving him a dozen twenty-franc pieces; ‘when the business is done, you shall have twenty times as much. You see it is gold; you will not have much trouble to carry it.’

‘Gold is never heavy,’ replied the galley-slave, in a sententious tone; and without farther discussion he thrust the earnest of his bargain into his pocket.

Thus far the compact between the old man and him of the galleys had been carried on without a difference. The two accomplices then began to discuss the means of accomplishing the deed of which Arthur d’Aubian was to be the victim. Listening only to the impatience of his hatred, the outraged husband was eager for a vengeance as prompt as terrible; to wait until evening seemed intolerable. The subordinate assassin, upon whom was to fall the danger and responsibility of the deed, soon convinced him that a murder in broad day-light was out of the question.

‘As he is in the habit of taking walks at midnight,’ said he, with the confidence of one who had maturely weighed the matter in hand, ‘that must be the time for our purpose: between his house and yours there is a little by-path, exactly suited for the deed; one may lie hid behind the hedge. There is not a dwelling within half a mile, and the Garonne is hard by. The moon does not rise till two o’clock; and as my gentleman takes his stroll about midnight, we shall be able to do his business for him without risk. The time of the tax-gatherer’s little affair, it was that cursed moon that caused me to be detected; and since then I have made a vow never to do work with that minx overhead. There is no way, see you, of putting her out.’

‘First of all, however,’ said M. Gorsay, ‘you must restore to Piquet the watch and money you took from him. He has suspicions of you, and if he enters a complaint will have you arrested.’

‘And that will spoil your business, eh, old gentleman?’ familiarly interrupted the thief, about to become a murderer. ‘I understand you; they will cage me, and in the mean time this fine fellow d’Aubian can climb over walls and scale balconies at his leisure. Here goes, then, for restitution; it shall be done forthwith, and Piquet shall see wonders. As for his cursed old warming-pan, I do not value it a sous; it is not worth the trouble I have taken for it.’

The plan being at length arranged, the two men parted. Before leaving the chamber, however, Bonnemain examined every corner

with that close observation with which adepts in villany are usually endowed. He noticed the secret place where the old man replaced the bowl of gold, and the manner in which he fastened the secretary; he also carefully observed the structure of the window, and noted that there were no shutters on the inside. On the outside a simple Venetian blind protected it from forcible entrance, which the small elevation of the ground floor rendered easily practicable. Satisfied with his examination, the convict respectfully saluted the man to whom he had just sold himself, and then rejoined his companions in the garden, with his usual tranquil and composed air.

In the course of the morning, as Monsieur Gorsay was slowly pacing one of the alleys of the park, he was again accosted by his gardener.

'I am surely bewitched,' said master Piquet, whose sun-burnt face seemed expanded to double its usual size with joy and amazement. 'Only to think, Monsieur Gorsay, that my watch and money should get back into my pocket again, and I know nothing about it! If there were such things as sorcerers, the thing would be plain enough; but one does not believe in such nonsense now-a-days.'

'It is one of your comrades who has been amusing himself at your expense,' replied the old man, shrugging his shoulders and continuing his walk.

'It may be so,' thought Piquet, 'but they sha' n't drive it out of my head that Bonnemain is an ugly dog, and if I were Monsieur Gorsay, I should get rid of him in short order.'

About the middle of the following night a strange rencounter took place upon the coping of the wall which surrounded the park of M. Gorsay, on the side of the alley of plane trees. Two men who at the same moment were scaling this enclosure, the one from the outside and the other from within, suddenly found themselves face to face on reaching its summit. Mutually startled at so unexpected a meeting, both were on the point of letting go their hold. Instinctively, however, they preserved themselves from falling by clinging to the cope-stone of the wall, and bestriding it with a vigorous effort, found themselves seated on a more secure resting-place. For a few moments they remained motionless, face to face in this position, bestriding the wall, to which they clung tightly with their legs, so as to leave their hands at liberty for the contest which such a rencounter seemed to render probable. They were so close to each other that in spite of the darkness they could distinguish the persons, and in a short time recognized each other. Presently the one who came from without saw the arm of his adversary suddenly raised, and at the extremity of the outline which it for the instant formed with the dark back-ground of the heaven, he distinguished the blade of a knife or dagger. Retreat was out of the question, and the attack was a deadly one. Unarmed himself, he sprang upon his assailant, seized the extended arm with one hand, and with the other rudely grasped him by the throat.

'Bonnemain!' said he, in a low tone, 'throw down your knife, or I will pitch you from the wall!'

Compelled under fear of strangulation to obey this mandate, the convict dropped his weapon, which fell into the park.

'Monsieur d'Aubian,' said he, in a half-stifled voice, 'let me get down; I will not prevent your going in, do not hinder me from going out.'

'You have been committing a robbery,' said Arthur; 'people do not scale walls in this manner without some evil intent.'

'But you yourself are climbing them; does it follow that you are a robber?'

Rendered mute by this reply, the lover of Lucia reflected that even had a robbery been committed, it would be impossible for him to arrest the criminal without compromising the woman he loved.

'Best let him go,' thought he; 'it is doubtless his interest that I should be silent, and he for his own sake will hold his tongue.'

Freed from the double grasp which confined his arm and almost stopped his breathing, Bonnemain, without a word farther, stooped down and groped along the outside of the wall. He soon found the rope-ladder, of which Arthur had made use, and which a hook, thrown by a strong and practised hand, had fastened to the edge of the coping. The convict grasped it tightly, and swinging himself over, began to descend with the agility of a squirrel. When half way down he stopped short, and reascended as quickly as he had gone down.

'Neither *seen*, nor *known*; you understand me!' said he, in a significant tone to the young man; 'or if you choose to turn informer, I shall have a story to tell, how a certain young man made his way into the chamber of Madame Gorsay the other night!'

Without waiting for reply, Bonnemain let himself slip to the ground, and fled across the fields, where, favored by the darkness of the night, he quickly disappeared.

Arthur, without moving, remained for some time in the position in which the convict had left him. The idea of the secret of his love being at the mercy of such a miscreant, filled him with a sensation of mingled chagrin and anger. He soon, however, tried to reassure himself with the thought that he ought not to dread any indiscretion on the part of one so much interested in keeping the secret. Still, in spite of all his efforts to drive from his mind the impression produced by this disagreeable incident, he felt a vague apprehension of impending evil, which in all his previous nocturnal rambles he had never experienced. Instead of descending rapidly into the park, as had been his former custom, he now hesitated, and was on the point of retreating; but the thought of Lucia awaiting his arrival, decided the point, and love triumphed over prudence. He drew the rope ladder to the inside of the wall, and then perceived that on this occasion its services would not be required; for Bonnemain, to facilitate his escape, had placed against the wall one of the large ladders used in the garden. D'Aubian soon reached the ground, and notwithstanding the darkness, bent his way through the trees, as one to whom the obscure labyrinth was familiar. As he approached the pavilion, his footsteps were arrested by an unwonted noise, which

broke the silence, till then undisturbed, save by the monotonous sound of the rustling foliage. Hearing nothing farther, he pursued his way; but presently a more distinct sound, like the voice of a man calling to others, again caused him to stop. Many shouts in rapid succession from different quarters were now heard in reply. It was evident that the robbery which had been committed by Bonnemain had aroused the inmates of the house, and that they were now searching the park. With the fleetness of a deer when he first hears the baying of the hounds, Arthur directed his course toward the place at which he had entered. Just as he reached it, he saw, flitting before him in the coppice, a light resembling a will-o-the-wisp, and immediately afterward distinguished a man with a lantern running hastily up the straight alley which bordered the wall of the enclosure. On perceiving the ladder, the man suddenly stopped, like a hound when he scents a track, and began to utter shouts, which were answered by other voices at a distance. In a short time two more lights, similar to the first, made their appearance through the trees, and the lover of Lucia now saw that his retreat was completely cut off. For a moment he hesitated, and then decided that it was more prudent to confront the danger than attempt to fly without the chance of escaping. He advanced therefore toward the scouts, who were assembled at the foot of the ladder in animated discussion. At sight of the young man, who emerged briskly from the thicket, there was a general sensation. The more prudent remained quiet; the bolder threw themselves upon d'Aubian, whom they did not at the moment recognize.

'What's the matter, Piquet?' said Arthur, shaking off the leader of the nocturnal expedition, who had seized him by the collar.

'How! what! is it you, Monsieur Arthur?' said the gardener, astounded at this rencounter.

'What has happened? and what is the meaning of all this stir?' replied the young man.

'Oh, good heavens!' said Piquet, 'poor Monsieur Gorsay has just been assassinated!'

'Assassinated!' exclaimed d'Aubian, turning deadly pale.

'All bathed in blood! with a great gash in his side in which you may put your hand! It is all over with him, poor gentleman! We are now after the assassin, who you may see has got off at this place, for here is my ladder which the gallows-bird has used. But how comes it, Monsieur d'Aubian, that you are in the park at this time of night?' continued he, regarding the young man with a look of suspicion.

Arthur had had time to invent a story to account for his unexpected appearance on this occasion.

'From what you tell me,' said he, 'I am sure that I have seen the assassin.'

'Seen him! Who is he? Did you recognize him?' demanded all at once the three men, pressing round him.

'I was returning from Canderol,' said d'Aubian; 'on my way home I passed along the foot-path on the outside of the park. Sud-

denly I perceived a man letting himself slip down the wall. This excited my suspicions, and I advanced toward him, but at sight of me he instantly took to his heels, and disappeared in the fields. In his stead I only found a cord hooked to the wall. Fearing lest some mishap had befallen Monsieur Gorsay, I clambered over the wall by means of this cord, in order to reach the house more quickly and give the alarm; which I was about to do when I saw your lanterns.'

'And did you recognize him? this robber?' asked one of the domestics.

'No,' replied Arthur, calling to mind the threat of the convict.

'It could only have been Bonnemain who has done this deed,' said Piquet; 'I always mistrusted that sulky wretch.'

One of the men who had been ferretting along the wall, now suddenly raised himself. 'Here is a knife!' said he; 'and there is blood upon it!'

The instrument of murder passed from hand to hand. It was one of those poniards without a sheath, known as Catalonian knives, the blade of which on opening is fastened by a spring. The steel had been carefully wiped, but in the groove of the handle might be seen traces of blood which had not been completely effaced.

'He cannot be far off,' said the head gardener; 'we must track him like a villanous wolf as he is. Come on, boys! let us after him, all hands! But you, Monsieur d'Aubian, will not you come in and console poor Madame Gorsay a little? She is almost distracted. Think what a shock this is to the poor lady! They have sent for the doctor, the priest, and the king's attorney; all is in confusion; but I am sure she will be glad to see *you*, who are so good a friend of the family.'

Suspicious as all men are whose consciences are not free from reproach, Arthur thought he perceived in these words an ironical meaning, which was in reality very far from the simple mind of the honest gardener. He feared also lest a refusal to go might awaken suspicions; and beside, the calamity which had just befallen Lucia inspired him with a mournful desire to see and assure her of his eternal devotion; the only consolation he could offer at the moment of so terrible a catastrophe. He accordingly accompanied Piquet, who returned to the house, carrying with him as proofs the clasp-knife and rope-ladder.

'The rascal laid his plans well,' said the gardener, as he trudged along; 'he must have thought that the ladder would be too heavy to drag over the wall, and this is why he has brought along this rope-ladder; a true robber's instrument. A strong-wristed rascal to climb up such a machine as that!'

'Is Monsieur Gorsay dead?' asked d'Aubian, with a thoughtful air.

'The poor old gentleman cannot be far from it,' replied the gardener, quickening his pace.

The place where the crime had been committed was the bed-chamber in which the old man had had the interview with the galley-slave a few hours before. The assassin had effected his entrance

through the window, by raising the inner hook which fastened the Venetian blind. Surprised in bed, and probably asleep, M. Gorsay had to all appearance been stabbed instantly. At any rate his resistance must have been short and feeble, for he was found lying in his natural position. The covering was scarcely deranged, and were it not that the bed-clothes were deluged in blood, one might have supposed him to be sleeping. After the commission of the deed the assassin had endeavored to break open the secretary. During this attempt a vase which stood on the chimney-piece was disturbed by him, and fell with a loud noise; and it was not until then that the domestic, who slept in an adjoining room, was aroused and gave the alarm.

The spectacle which met the eyes of Arthur on entering this fatal place redoubled the emotion by which he was already agitated. By the light of a number of torches placed hap-hazard around the room, might be seen a group in whose visages and attitudes extreme consternation was displayed. The bed on which the victim was lying had been dragged into the middle of the room, in order to facilitate the remedies which the physician was beginning to apply. At the pillow knelt an old priest, watching for some sign of life which might permit him to commence the performance of his office. These two individuals, invested with an office equally stern and almost equally sacred, had arrived at the same moment. Accustomed to meet at the bedside of the dying, they scarcely exchanged words. Without losing time the physician had commenced his work; the priest was awaiting the fitting moment for his.

At the foot of the bed, motionless as a statue, sat the wife of the wounded man, her hands tightly clasping the edge of the couch, which she had seized with convulsive energy when they had tried to draw her away from the bloody spectacle. Not a tear, not a groan escaped her; pale as if at the point of death herself, with fixed eyes and set teeth, she gazed upon her husband in mute stupefaction; and now and then, as if the better to see him, she dashed aside with frantic gesture the black locks which fell in disorder over her forehead and shoulders.

At sight of her lover, Lucia testified neither perturbation nor surprise: it seemed as if excess of emotion had dried up all the sources of ordinary feelings. With a look of profound sadness she pointed to the lifeless body of her husband, and then resumed her stone-like aspect, which might remind the beholder of one of the ancient victims of destiny.

However conscience may be lulled and put to sleep by passion, it is always sure to awake at the sight of death. As Arthur gazed upon the man whose hospitality he had abused, now lying bathed in his blood, he felt a portion of that remorse which racked the heart of the guilty wife steal over his soul. At such a moment to direct toward her a single word, a look, even a thought, seemed to him an odious profanation. Instead of approaching her he seated himself beside the priest, and said in a low voice: 'Is there any hope of saving him?'

‘God knows!’ replied the old man, raising his eyes to heaven.

For many hours the efforts of art seemed unavailing; consciousness was not restored to Monsieur Gorsay; and every moment respiration seemed on the point of ceasing. The physician, who on the first examination of the wounds did not think them mortal, began to lose hopes. The absolute insensibility which prevailed, and which he had at first attributed to loss of blood, and the feebleness of old age, made him now suspect that some vital organ had been reached by the poniard of the assassin. From time to time he bent over the wounded man, and listened with anxiety to the faint breathing which with difficulty made its way from his breast. At length some nervous contractions disturbed the sepulchral rigidity which the form and features of the patient had hitherto assumed; the respiration became stronger, and after a painful effort, the eyelids half unclosed; he tried to raise himself, but had not sufficient strength; and he now lay for some time with mouth and eyes open, but evidently unable to see or speak.

‘Curate,’ said the physician, wiping his forehead, ‘I think you may go to bed; I have now good hopes that we shall save him.’

For the first time d’Aubian now sought the eyes of Lucia, but he caught them not. On hearing the words of the physician she had fallen upon her knees, and seemed to be praying fervently.

It was now broad day-light. A group of peasants and workmen had collected before the house, whose eager conversation showed what an impression the news of the attempt made on the person of a man rich and universally esteemed had produced in the neighborhood. The excitement of this assemblage increased every moment, and broke forth in loud expressions of rage at the sight of Bonnemain, with hands tied behind his back, whom two sturdy peasants under the guidance of Piquet were dragging along with an air of triumph. Curses, menaces, threats of death, of which in such cases the populace, especially those of the south, are always prodigal, overwhelmed with frightful concert the presumed author of the assassination. From threats they were proceeding to stones, and from stones would probably have come to knives, when the mob was on a sudden roughly broken in upon by a carriage which drove up at a brisk trot, and from which leaped a personage clad in black, of grave demeanor and stern countenance.

‘In the name of the law,’ cried he in a tone of authority, ‘let none of you raise a hand against this man.’

On recognizing the King’s Attorney of the Court of Reole, the most violent desisted from their process of summary justice, and ceasing their vociferations, fell back some paces. After interrogating Piquet, the magistrate ordered the cords to be taken from the prisoner, whose mud-soiled clothes and bruised visage showed that he had only yielded after a desperate resistance. The king’s attorney committed him to the care of the two volunteers who had effected his capture; he then entered the house for the purpose of holding the inquest, for which an express had been sent to him at day-break.

Thanks to the skilful succors which were incessantly employed, Monsieur Gorsay by degrees recovered strength and consciousness, but not the power of speech. In the mean time, and while waiting until the patient should be in a fitting condition to sustain an examination, the king's attorney employed himself in viewing the localities, and collecting with scrupulous attention every fact which might have a bearing upon the proceedings which were subsequently to be instituted. Of all the persons collected in the house, one only had declared that he had seen the assassin escape; this was Arthur d'Aubian, who found himself obliged to repeat his partially fabricated story, of which Piquet had already given some details.

'And so, Sir,' said the magistrate to him, 'the gardener was mistaken when he affirmed that you believed that you recognized in the man who scaled the wall the individual named Bonnemain?'

'As I did not see his face, I could not have recognized him,' replied Arthur, who signed his deposition with a steady hand; resolved to preserve the reputation of the woman he loved, even at the expense of a false oath.

These preliminaries finished, the king's attorney, who was in haste to reach the main point of his inquest, the confronting the accused with the victim, returned to the chamber of Monsieur Gorsay. He approached the bed of the old man, who in spite of his feebleness made an effort to raise himself, and seemed to thank him for his coming, by a look of intelligence.

'He is not yet in a condition to speak,' said the physician in a low tone to the magistrate; 'but he hears and comprehends what is said to him.'

'Monsieur,' said the king's attorney, bending over the bed, 'I hope that you will soon be able to give us in your own words the information which justice requires, to punish the attempt of which you have been the victim. Meanwhile, until you recover your speech, will you please to answer me by signs? An overturned lamp which was found upon the secretary, leads us to suppose that the assassin made use of a light while attempting to commit the robbery. It is possible that at this moment you might have seen him; is this conjecture true? Did you see the murderer?'

Monsieur Gorsay with some difficulty made a sign in the affirmative.

'If he were brought before you, would you recognize him?'

The old man repeated the same gesture with more energy, while an expression of horror was manifested in his countenance.

'Monsieur,' said the physician, drawing aside the officer of justice, 'I must declare to you that a confronting of the parties at this moment would be attended with danger. The situation of the wounded man is still very precarious, and the sight of the assassin would necessarily produce an excitement which it would be prudent to avoid.'

'It is precisely,' replied the magistrate, 'because I, as well as yourself, regard the situation of the wounded man very precarious, that it seems to me improper to defer a confrontation, which alone can

throw satisfactory light upon this affair. For the sake of the public, as well as that of the individual in custody, I must not neglect the only means of decisively ascertaining the truth. In case of the death of Monsieur Gorsay, what will remain? Strong proofs, presumptive evidence, more or less weighty, but not ocular testimony; since Monsieur d'Aubian declares that he did not recognize the fugitive. We must therefore take advantage without delay of the lucid interval of the wounded man, who may become worse in a moment.'

'Who will most certainly become worse, if you bring the assassin into this room,' replied the doctor in a quick tone.

'Will you assure me, upon your honor,' asked the king's attorney, 'that Monsieur Gorsay will be still alive to-morrow morning?'

'Nobody is sure of living until to-morrow,' replied the physician, avoiding a direct answer; 'but do as you please, Sir. In protesting against a measure which may prove fatal to a man committed to my care, I have performed my duty.'

'As I shall perform mine, by taking every measure to developé crime, no matter at what cost.'

'Though this cost should be the death of an old man?' demanded the doctor, with generous warmth.

'Sir,' replied the magistrate, with a grave air, 'you speak as an apostle of humanity, and I shall not take offence at your language. I for my part am the representative of society; and you must understand in your turn that it is impossible for me to shrink from my mission, whatever may sometimes be its rigor. I regret that a discussion like this should have arisen between us, although in fact it is honorable to both, as it proves that each of us is sensible of his duty. Were I in your place, I should perhaps take the course that you have taken; permit me to believe that were you in mine you would act as I do.'

These two men separated with a mutual gravity. As the king's attorney left the room for the purpose of having the prisoner brought in, the physician approached d'Aubian and the curate, who since Monsieur Gorsay had recovered his consciousness kept themselves withdrawn from view, in a corner of the room; the priest, that the patient might not perceive that his situation was of sufficient danger to render spiritual succor necessary; and Arthur, from one of those compunctious visitings of conscience which the conviction of having irrevocably injured a man whom one respects never fails to awaken in honorable minds.

'Curate,' said the doctor, with an air of dissatisfaction, 'human justice is scarcely humane. You might preach a sermon from this text. While you are considerably concealing your cassock in order not to alarm this poor man, the king's attorney here is giving us a fine specimen of the morals of his trade. Provided he can complete his *procès verbal*, every thing else is of little moment. He has now gone to bring the assassin into this chamber. I have told him that I would not answer for the consequences, and he still persists. But let him do as he pleases; I wash my hands of it.'

'Madame Gorsay should be removed from the room,' said Arthur,

whom the situation of Lucia at this moment inspired with pity as much as love.

‘That is what I was on the point of suggesting,’ replied the physician. ‘You alone, curate, are capable of doing it: lead her out, and do not permit her to return. Should we need your services I will send for you, but do not let her come here again. Her nervous organization is extremely irritable, and I dread a rush of blood to the brain. There are those who have become confirmed lunatics with slighter indications of insanity than she sometimes exhibits when under great nervous excitement. Keep her in her chamber; I will go up to her as soon as I can get away from here. It may perhaps be necessary to take some blood from her.’

Making use of the double authority of his age and profession, the curate succeeded in leading Lucia from the apartment. As they left the room the king’s attorney returned, followed by Bonnemain, in custody of two peasants, his volunteer guard. At sight of the assassin of her husband, Madame Gorsay turned away her head, and leaned heavily upon the arm of the priest, who quickened his pace, saying to himself in a low tone, ‘In this great calamity I thank thee, O my God! that this is not a child of our parish!’

The prisoner and escort stopped at the threshold of the chamber, while the magistrate advanced singly toward the wounded man, to prepare him for the interview.

‘This is the critical moment,’ said the physician to d’Aubian; ‘lend me your aid, for these domestics are so awkward they can afford no assistance. Pass your arm under the pillow, and support Monsieur Gorsay: in his present posture he cannot see the man they are bringing in, and we must try and abridge this ceremony.’

Having satisfied himself that the wounded man, although still speechless, was capable of comprehending the scene which was about to take place, and seemed to be in a condition to support it, the attorney made a sign for Bonnemain to approach. The galley-slave cast around him a ferocious look, and seemed to be calculating the chances of escape; these appearing hopeless, he resigned himself to his situation, and slowly advancing, remained motionless a few paces from his victim, with head hanging down, face livid and contorted, and his whole frame agitated by a trembling which seemed strongly characteristic of guilt.

‘This old fellow is a tough one!’ thought he, as he beheld the eyes of Monsieur Gorsay, which he had believed closed for ever, now wide open and glaring upon him.

The crisis anticipated by the physician now took place. At sight of the murderer the old man, in spite of all his efforts to nerve himself, experienced a feeling of terror, the violence of which was manifested by a sudden change in his countenance. Already pale, his face became still more death-like, his eyes closed, and his head sunk upon the pillow, as if the sight of the assassin had completed the work of the poniard. As the doctor hastened to prepare a cordial, Arthur, who with one arm supported the wounded man, bent forward to apply to his nostrils a vial of salts. At this moment

Monsieur Gorsay reöpened his eyes, and saw immediately before him the countenance of the man for whom Lucia had betrayed him. He stared at him for some moments with an air of stupefaction, as if contemplating an apparition to which reason will not allow us to give credence; but suddenly a supernatural fire lighted up the features which death seemed already to have stiffened with his icy hand. Hatred, indignation, fury, vengeance, all the deadly passions which since the preceding evening had been busy at his heart, now seemed to flash from his eyes in one appalling glance. Unaided, and by an effort of incredible vehemence, the old man raised himself, and stretching his hand toward Arthur, whom this movement struck with a sort of superstitious awe, he made convulsive efforts to speak, which at length burst the bands by which his tongue had until now been enchained:

‘The assassin! the assassin!’ cried he, with a voice which seemed to issue from a sepulchre.

A clap of thunder falling in the chamber could not have produced a greater impression than that caused by this terrible and vindictive exclamation. D’Aubian stood speechless and aghast, as if indeed guilty. A sullen smile of malice played on the lips of the galley-slave. The magistrate and physician exchanged a significant glance: the latter, approaching the wounded man, took his arm and felt his pulse.

‘Ægri somnia!’ said he, addressing the magistrate.

Monsieur Gorsay repulsed the doctor, with an expression of anger. ‘No! it is not the dream of a sick man!’ said he, in a hoarse but distinct voice; the blood which I have lost has not taken away my reason. I have my senses; I see you all. You are Monsieur Mallet; you, you are Monsieur Carigniez, the king’s attorney of Reole; the curate has just left the room with my wife; these are the workmen who work in my garden; and this,’ continued he, pointing to Arthur with a furious gesture, ‘this is the man who has just attempted to kill me!’

‘Your sight, still feeble, deceives you,’ said the magistrate, who as well as Monsieur Mallet continued to think that the wounded man was not in full possession of his senses. ‘Look this way; do you not recognize this man here on your right as the assassin?’

‘No nonsense, Monsieur Magistrate!’ cried Bonnemain; ‘you see well enough that he recognizes the other one. I call every one here present to witness!’

The old man by a strong effort overcame the horror which the sight of the galley-slave caused him, and gazed on him for an instant with affected composure.

‘This man,’ said he, ‘is called Bonnemain; he is employed by my gardener. It was not he who attempted to assassinate me. It was that one, I tell you; it was Arthur d’Aubian. Do your duty, Monsieur Attorney. I have perhaps but a short time to live; let my declaration be written down. If I die, I adjure you all to repeat to the jury my last words; write — No, give me the pen; I have sufficient strength to write myself.’

'Bravo!' said Bonnemain to himself, drawing a longer breath than he had yet done; 'this will do bravely! If all customers were as plain-spoken, there would be some pleasure in doing business. It seems the old crab has not yet digested the rope-ladder of my tall gentleman here. This does finely!'

D'Aubian had not spoken a single word: the victim of a vengeance whose stroke he could not avert without publicly casting dishonor upon the woman he loved, he enveloped himself in silent resignation and disdain.

'Monsieur!' said the magistrate to him, with an embarrassment to which gentlemen of the legal profession are rarely subject, 'however strange the declaration of Monsieur Gorsay may appear to all of us, it is impossible for me not to include it literally in my *procès verbal*.'

'Do your duty, Sir,' replied Arthur, gravely.

At the request of Monsieur Carigniez, the old man recapitulated the details of the attempted assassination, of which he had been the victim; he adhered to the truth in every particular save one. In spite of all the objections which were raised by the interrogator, he invariably substituted the name of the lover of Lucia for that of the real assassin. At the moment he took the pen to sign the declaration which would probably send an innocent man to the scaffold, the priest reentered the room. At sight of the minister of that religion which enjoins forgiveness of injuries, Monsieur Gorsay experienced a moment's hesitation. Vengeance, however, soon gained the ascendancy; with a hand still steady, he signed the *procès verbal*, and immediately fell back on the pillow, exhausted by the tremendous efforts he had just made to assure himself of revenge by committing it to the strong arm of the law.

'Have you finished?' asked the doctor of the magistrate; 'you see he is almost lifeless; methinks this should suffice you. Have you not learned all you wished to know?'

'I have learned more than I desired,' replied Monsieur Carigniez, with a troubled air. 'What is your opinion of the situation of Monsieur Gorsay? Do you still believe that the delirium of fever has any thing to do with this strange declaration?'

'Were my life at stake,' answered the physician, 'I could not speak an untruth against my conscience. Monsieur Gorsay is at present free from fever, and knows very well what he says: whether he speaks the truth or not, that I cannot tell.'

'And you, reverend Sir, cannot you aid us with your lights?' said the solicitor to the curate, who on learning the declaration of the old man, remained absorbed in silent consternation.

'A true christian would have forgiven,' replied the old priest, to whom Lucia had made a full and detailed confession of her faults.

'Forgiven what?' demanded the magistrate.

The curate felt that to pronounce a single word more would be to betray the secrets of the confessional.

'God reads the heart,' answered he in an agitated voice; 'He alone can cause light to descend upon men, whose mission it is to

dispense justice. He alone can proclaim innocence, and amend the guilty by leading him to repentance.'

'I wish to know your opinion,' said the attorney, still persisting in his inquiry; 'do you believe Monsieur d'Aubian guilty of the crime of which he stands accused?'

'I believe him innocent, Sir,' replied the priest with warmth.

'How then do you explain the conduct of Monsieur Gorsay?'

The priest cast down his eyes and remained silent. Monsieur Carigniez, who was sitting at a writing-table, engaged in the re-perusal of the *procès verbal*, leaned his head upon his hands, and remained for some time in an attitude of deep thought.

'It is the attempt at robbery which perplexes me,' said he at length, speaking to himself; 'murders are committed by all classes; but this robbery! this is what seems inexplicable. A man of wealth may become an assassin from jealousy, or revenge, but not from cupidity. Passion engenders murder; need begets theft; in this case passion may perhaps exist as a cause, but where is the plea of poverty? Monsieur d'Aubian is wealthy, is he not?' asked he in a half-voice, addressing the physician.

'He is so reputed, if play has not impaired his means,' replied the latter in the same tone.

'Ah! is he a gambler?' responded the magistrate.

'A gambler not a little ruined, I suspect,' replied Monsieur Mallet; 'he has been seen to lose at Bordeaux twelve thousand francs at a single sitting.'

'This changes the whole aspect of the affair,' said the king's attorney, upon whom the words of the physician seemed to make a deep impression: 'I was saying to myself just now that we cannot imagine an effect without a cause; but play is a cause. You remember the old adage: 'One begins by being a dupe, but ends by becoming a knave.' Sometimes one ends by becoming something worse. We all remember the Count Horn, who assassinated an old money-lender for his gold.'

'You give to words spoken at random an interpretation which was very far from my thoughts,' exclaimed the doctor, with an accent of reproach.

'It is the business of both of us to interpret,' coldly replied Monsieur Carigniez. 'You proceed from symptoms to the disease; I, on my part, go from signs to the crime; from suspicions to proof.'

The attorney here rose, and approaching d'Aubian, who during this scene had preserved a firm and composed demeanor: 'Sir,' said he to him, with grave politeness, 'have you any observations to make upon what you have just heard?'

'None, Sir,' replied the young man, in a tone in which strong emotion, with difficulty repressed, was perceptible. 'It is not for me to discuss the accusation of which I find myself the object, nor to endeavor to remove the error of Monsieur Gorsay. In my declaration I have spoken the truth; it is therefore needless to say more. I deem it beneath me to protest my innocence, which no one here present doubts.'

He cast an expressive look toward the bed of the old man, who only answered this appeal by a smile, in which shone forth the triumph of inextinguishable hatred and implacable revenge.

‘He knows all!’ said Arthur to himself; ‘it is my death he wants; he shall be gratified, if to save my life the sacrifice of Lucia is required.’

At this moment two *gen d’armes*, who had just arrived from Reole, passed before the window, through which they cast an inquiring look. On seeing them Bonnemain experienced the instinctive terror with which the sight of agents of the law always inspires criminals. D’Aubian knit his brow, and slightly contracted his lips.

‘Are these men here to take charge of my person?’ inquired he of the king’s attorney, with forced irony.

‘I can give you a seat in my carriage,’ replied the magistrate, whom the haughty countenance of the young accused inspired with a degree of involuntary respect.

‘Will *they* accompany us?’ inquired Arthur, more occupied by the ignominy than the danger of his situation.

‘Not if you swear to me that you will not attempt flight.’

Arthur smiled disdainfully: ‘There are but two kinds of men who fly; the cowardly and the guilty; I am neither of these. You may therefore trust to my word of honor. And now allow me to beg of you one favor.’

‘Proceed, Sir,’ said the magistrate.

‘Let us set forth immediately,’ replied Arthur, eager to quit the place; for he dreaded lest Lucia, unexpectedly returning, might become the witness of a scene so fraught with danger to both.

‘I am at your service,’ replied the king’s attorney, who had just closed his *procès verbal*, and whose presence in the house of Monsieur Gorsay was now no longer required. At a sign from the magistrate all present left the apartment. The two *gen d’armes* waited at the door. Physiognomists by profession, they placed themselves with one accord on each side of Bonnemain, in whose aspect they had simultaneously scented crime.

‘Monsieur Magistrate,’ cried out the galley-slave, ‘tell these good gentlemen, if you please, that they are mistaken. As it is as plain as that two and two make four that I am innocent of this business, I hope you will set me at liberty at once. I have some work to do in the garden; and I cannot lose all day here like a sluggard.’

‘Public opinion accuses you,’ replied Monsieur Carigniez, ‘and I am obliged to detain you temporarily. Should there be no proofs against you, you will be set at liberty in a few days.’

‘Here is fine justice for you!’ said the man of the galleys, when he saw d’Aubian enter the carriage and take his seat by the side of the king’s attorney; ‘the detected assassin rides in the carriage, while the innocent man goes on foot, between two *gen d’armes*. This is the way the rich always combine to trample upon the people! And you, comrades, have you no blood in your veins, that you let one of your brothers be dragged off to prison in this way?’

'You have neither brothers nor cousins here, hark you, Mister Juggler-of-watches!' cried out Piquet to him, with a knowing air.

'Vive la Republique! down with the Jesuits!' howled Bonnemain, who in his desire to excite a popular movement in his favor threw out in succession the two greatest stimulants he could think of.

No one stirred among the attendants; some hootings even were heard; and the galley-slave, forced to set out on his march under the escort of his two new guardians, became convinced that his fate excited very little sympathy among his old companions.

'Well, well,' said he to himself, with forced resignation, 'it would have been almost too much of a good thing to be let off at once; provided only the old man, who has been such a good fellow thus far, does not change his mind.'

The departure of the two suspected individuals had excited among the assembled peasants a commotion, the noise of which reached the apartment of Lucia. Half terrified at the outcries, she approached the window, and saw Arthur at the moment he ascended the carriage of the king's attorney.

'Where is Monsieur d'Aubian going?' asked she involuntarily of the physician who had rejoined her.

'To prison, probably,' replied Monsieur Mallet, fixing his eyes steadily upon her.

'To prison!' almost shrieked Lucia.

'Are you then ignorant that it was he who attempted the life of Monsieur Gorsay? Your husband has formally accused him.'

The poor wife, instead of making reply, gazed around her with an air of bewilderment; suddenly turning deadly pale, she closed her eyes, and fell backward into the arms of the doctor, who seemed prepared for this crisis; for without being discomposed, he laid her upon a sofa, and afforded her the succor her situation required.

'Curate,' said he to the old priest who at this moment entered the room, 'this young woman has now two confessors.'

PART TWO IN OUR NEXT.

S T A N Z A S .

Oh! ask not whither my heart hath flown,
Nor who to that heart is dear;
Though sweet the scenes that meet my view,
My heart, oh! my heart is not here!

Though friends surround, and fortune smile,
And love e'en the prospect cheer;
Though pleasure's roses strew my path,
Yet my heart, oh! my heart is not here!

But far o'er the blue wave's crested foam,
Where the heather blooms so fair,
And berries hang on the holly-bush,
My heart, oh! my heart is there!

THE DEATH OF A GENTLE MAIDEN.

A PHANTASY: INSCRIBED TO S. T. D.

'Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest,
Let them rave!
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave!'

TENNYSON.

'T was Sabbath eve: on couch of rose-leaves lying,
With all her undimmed loveliness around her,
Silent, yet fast, a radiant ONE was dying;
Fading most like the flowery wreaths that bound her
With fragrance, vainly wasted. There had been
A fitful dirge upon the cool air borne,
That spake of parting. Sadly sweet was seen
A hectic bloom upon the cheek of morn,
That told of tears to be ere day was done.
Dark pall-like clouds swept by till set of sun,
Then folded their broad pinions, and reclined
In sullen grandeur o'er the distant West,
Like spectral forms in slumber. Every wind
Had wailed itself to stillness, and a rest
Voiceless and deep stole down upon the world.
The STORM-FIEND slowly turned his sombre car,
With drooping wing, and lurid banner furled,
Toward his own rugged North, while from afar
There came a sudden gleam, a golden ray,
A strange, rich light, as from a young moon's birth,
And shone o'er ONE, there passing fast away
From the soft sky, and green, rejoicing earth!

Many a presence, dim and fair,
Pale gleaming shapes of things, divine and rare,
With tearful eyes and broken sounds of weeping,
Beside that couch a mournful watch were keeping
In that hushed eve. Gay Zephyr pensive stood,
With plumes enfolded like a stricken flower's;
And Echo from her cave in dark wild wood
Held whisperings faint with groups of gentle hours,
Making the silence yet more sad and still;
And glowing sighs that dwell in rustling grass,
And guardian spirits of each singing rill,
Murmurs from vine-clad vale and sunny hill,
Odors that from the rose's deep heart pass,
When kissed by breeze of even, gathered there,
Where that clear radiance quivered on the air,
Melting to farewell showers. And there seemed
A gush of music, dying far away,
Soft, exquisite, and low, like that is dreamed
By one who slumbereth at the close of day
On Ocean's golden wave. A liquid tone,
Like fall of distant waters, deep and lone,
A silvery strain of many voices blending,
Fell on my soul; and, thrilling cadence sending
Far thro' the coming night, did float along,
Profoundly sorrowful, this brief, wild parting song:

FARE thee well!

We have heard the solemn chime,
Pealing forth the flight of TIME.
Sternly tolls its passing bell
For thy latest funeral knell.
From Earth's griefs, unquiet fears,
Mournful memories, lingering tears,
Mortal ill, and mortal wo,
Thou art soon about to go!

Fare thee well!

Brightness marked thy pathway here;
Stars, and skies, far, blue, and clear,
Gorgeous clouds and silvery haze
Floating in the streaming rays;
Love, and hope, and joyous mirth,
Such as in young hearts have birth;
Soon will be a lasting close!
Come not breathings of repose?

Fare thee well!

Fades the thronging dream of life
Through the mist of mortal strife;
Rends the veil that shrouds the real
From the vast and lone ideal;
Spectres wild, and quaint, and strange,
Flitting gleam in hurried change
O'er the Future's magic glass;
They are passing — Thou wilt pass!
Fare thee well!

Paler grows thy lustrous eye,
As the light of sunset sky,
Death-damps chill are on thy brow,
White and cold as moon-lit snow.
As a bird with wounded wing,
Now thy heart is fluttering;
Soon 't will rest, to beat no more —
Pang and thrill alike be o'er!
Fare thee well!

In the shadowy dome of dreams
Mournful light of Memory streams
O'er the voiceless forms and still
That the busy Past did fill.
Far from wreck of wo and weeping,
They in stormless peace are sleeping;
There thy sisters long have gone,
Thither *thou* wilt soon be flown —
Fare thee well!

Music that ends not in tears,
Love that knows no boding fears,
Tones that falter not in sighs,
Hearts in which no sorrow lies,
Flowers, unfading, sweet, and fair,
Sister! all await thee there!
We shall miss thee; but away!
Wearied one, no longer stay!
Fare thee well!

'T was gone! That radiant train melted away
Like last love-whispers of the broken-hearted;
And with the purple gleam of closing day
The gentle SPIRIT OF THE MONTH departed!

R.

FOREST WALKS IN THE WEST.

BY THE 'HERMIT OF THE PRAIRIES.'

It is strange that men should prefer to live in cities. If there were any pleasantness conceivable in the perpetual clamor and strife of tongues, or in sharpening one's face by frequent contact with the crowd, or in receiving a thousand ideas daily of which only one can be retained, the preference would not be so unaccountable. But much communion with men does not tend to soften the heart; and a multitude of ideas, like a surfeit of food, will not digest. How much more delightful to pass one's life in the country, where the multifarious noises and confusion of the town die away before they reach half way to him, and only the higher voices, the voices of the higher men, fall on his ear! At intervals, to continue the figure, one of these voices utters a thought which the heavens, or the earth, or the human mind has been ransacked to find; and he sits down in quiet to incorporate it with his own brain, without having his nerves jarred with the same thought repeated in an hundred different tones, and with a thousand modifications. All is tranquillity around him and within him. He is not hourly jostled by hardening avarice, or ambition, or self-idolatry, in any of its forms. He converses with himself, and the nobler spirits that have lived, or that do live; and if he is not a happier, and does not die a better man than the denizen of the metropolis, it must be that there is something radically defective in his nature. This thought is naturally suggested by the country through which I am passing. I don't know that interminable woods are a necessary accompaniment of rural life; but if they were, and when they are, it would be and is so much the better for those whose tastes, like mine, incline that way. Not exactly that I would live *in* the woods, either, but yet not so *far* from them that I could not sometimes lose myself in them.

Ohio, the State of 'the Beautiful River,' has as yet woodland enough to satisfy the most extravagant desire. I have been travelling many days along this untrodden highway; the giant trees almost constantly interlocking their branches over head, except when the enclosed ten-acre lot of stumps, and the block-house dwelling of some hardy emigrant break the monotony. And I expect it will be the same for several weeks to come, until I emerge into daylight on the borders of some prairie. I hope those weeks will be many; for it is really pleasant, plodding along with no company but these tall beeches and maples, and no conversation save such as the birds and I, each in our own language, hold with one another. I have learned some new movements in music too; for when the little choristers do me the honor to stop and examine my physical

appearance, and when they express their surprise, or pleasure, or indignation, by interrogatory trills, or by angry chromatic passages of unimaginable rapidity, always accompanied by appropriate gesticulation, it would be exceedingly impolitic in me not to answer in numbers and melody. I am afraid they do not understand me; or else they doubt my word, when I assure them of the kindest treatment, if they will indulge me with a nearer view of their wings and eyes.

The mind is bewildered when it tries to think of the solitude that has reigned here; how in winter and summer, year after year, farther back than the imagination can reach, these trees have grown, wrestled with the whirlwind, and fallen; how those clouds have given their rain, the sun his light, and the flowers their fragrance, *alone!* Forms, colors, and sounds of beauty and sweetness have sprung up and lived here, when there was no eye or ear to receive them, and be made happy. Nature has put on her robe of grace; has breathed her pleasant odors on every breeze; has tenderly cherished her delicate plants; and has most beautifully decked herself, as though for the embrace of man. Truly may we ask, 'For whom were all these things made? If for man, why was this waste?' It cannot be; and certainly not for any inferior being. If it is mortifying to think that all things were not made to minister unto us; that we are but a part of the great machine, a principal, though not an indispensable one; that the happiness of birds and all animals is as important in the view of the Giver of Happiness, as ours; it is nevertheless pleasant to feel that we are connected with the lower orders of existences by a kind of fellow-feeling, in that we both partake of common pleasures, and that no bounty which has been given to one has not also been given to the other.

But this does not answer the question: 'What *were* flowers, and trees, and running brooks made for?' It will not do to say, for the sole behoof of man; for then I might reiterate: 'Why this waste of centuries in profitless vegetation?' The Greeks would give an answer without hesitation; and so would the poet. And since we have not even a conjecture to make, I am sure we cannot do better than to adopt a pleasant hypothesis, and firmly believe in the Spirit of Poetry; that trees were no more designed merely to live, prepare the way for their successors, and die, than man was to propagate *his* species and die; but that flowers, trees, and all plants are in themselves, as possessing some sort of vitality, of sufficient importance in the scale of existences to render it supposable that a world might be made for, and inhabited only by plants, and that a world so inhabited would not be altogether useless, either. If this thought ever entered the heads of our pioneers and wood-cutters, habit has lamentably blunted their susceptibilities.

I have been building a pretty extensive castle in the air in these woods; such a castle as it seems to me I should like to live in. The embellishments of course are supplied by fancy, but the materials and situation are furnished by the condition of this pleasant family, who with the heartiest welcome have thrown open their door to

me, while for an hour I repose in the shade. It seems to be a *very* pleasant family. The head of it is a young man, perhaps a year or two older than myself, with the sparkle of health and contentment in his eye; a noble, manly form; and a face constantly full of exultation. He seems proud of his own strength, of his victory over thousands of mighty trees; proud of himself, and most of all, of his young wife. These two, together with a matron, who may be his mother, form the group. Their history is the history of thousands of families with whose rude tenements this vast Valley is sparsely dotted. They were born and fitted by early education for their situation in life, in the State of New-York. They were betrothed three years ago, and have been married but half of one. After much consultation between the lovers, it was determined that he should seek a home in the wilds of the West. So he set out, not knowing whither he should go, and not following the guidance of any particular star; and he stopped by accident, he says, on this, the best tract of land between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains; which is as much as to say, 'the best the sun shines on.' Having settled the boundaries of the farm to suit himself, he erected a shanty of bark, provided himself with a few of the most indispensable articles of food, and went whistling to work.

In the course of a few months, a space of several acres was cleared from the timber, which was burned as fast as cut down; a crop of wheat was put into the ground; and the walls of a house built up of hewn logs, so substantial as to be, if not bomb-proof, at least wind and age-proof. When winter came on, he left his new-founded city to take care of itself; marked the trees as he went out, that he might be able to find his way in again; cut down one here and there, so as to make the passage of a wagon imaginable; and departed for home. In the spring he was married; and with as many implements and necessities of household and farm use as could be compressed into a reasonably small space, and stored away in their caravansary, and with as many domestic animals as could be expected, from their known peculiarities of disposition, to submit to be driven or led without opposition, he started on his 'move,' and introduced his mother and fair bride to their new home. Not 'fair' bride, exactly, but lovely. With a perfect form, one which in another sphere of life would have been admired as voluptuous; with the hue of health on her cheek, the light of innocence in her eye, and the smile of youth on her lips; the lovely bride, leaning on the strong arm of her husband, passed mile after mile through the shades of the forest, without casting 'one longing look behind;' entered into the house which had been constructed with more strength than skill for her; and set herself to work with a woman's tact to adorn the bare walls, and scatter over the barn-like dwelling the charms and comforts of *home*. She has succeeded in all her labors, and her husband has succeeded in all his. But after all, are not their position and prospects dreary enough? And is it not strange that both should be so happy, dwelling here, out of reach of the eyes and sympathies of the rest of the world?

It is strange; and so I sit myself down by the side of the young wife, look in the same direction that she looks, and try to make objects appear the same to my eyes that they do to her's. How great a difference in the picture is made by a little alteration in the position of the inspector! It is not strange *now* that she should be happy; for her future is as bright as is ever set before mortal eyes. The harsh features of the landscape are covered with a soft and verdant carpet; golden wealth and peace smile in the distance; the inequalities and roughness of the road are as nothing, for her feet are strong and light; and if there are but two of them to journey together, those two hearts will be only the more closely knit to each other. It is on the whole such a prospect, that I do not wonder at her for being perfectly happy. And yet I was ready to exclaim, 'How preposterous to suppose that *she* can be contented!' Or, if I was not ready to say so, it was only speculatively, and without exactly understanding how, that I admitted the possibility.

Now, speaking in grave, deliberate terms, what *do* we mean by contentment? For my part, I cannot tell, precisely. But that particular prospect, to use the old figure, which is set before me, and becomes my future, is, Heaven knows, sufficiently cheerless and uninteresting. And yet, if I were asked to exchange it for any other in the world, I should be compelled to answer, *no*. Still, I am far from being contented. Not but that the present is well enough, because it receives its character from the future; but with the future itself I am dissatisfied. Dreary as my circumstances are, I would not alter them, nor the past; I would not undo any thing that has been done; but show me some road by which I can regain the position which I once occupied, or by which I can gain another position which I desire, and I despise the past and present, and am contented. That is to say, contentment has respect mainly to the future. This is a bungling and circuitous way of coming at a simple idea; but this truth explains to my mind some things concerning happiness; and among the rest, how it is that this beautiful young woman can be contented, perfectly satisfied, with her lot, in these forests. And how it is (which I have often wondered at) that men whose views are bounded by the limits of their own farm, can be as happy as those who take in at one glance a whole kingdom. And a blessed thing it is, much as those of the latter class may be disposed to sneer, that a few small objects, to the eye accustomed to look at them, can grow into sufficient magnitude and importance to become *the* objects of life. And I would ask these scorners if they are not afraid that some higher class still will scorn *them* too? for their pursuits and means of happiness, though large in their own eyes, may be as small to the sight of some being whose glance takes in the world, as the poor man's is to theirs. I am sure I don't know, if I could have my choice, whose lot I would prefer.

But I am no sneerer, my gentle hostess. If I could, I would contract my roving vision and desires; like yourself, make my most desired object of attainment, *comfort*, and rustic health; confine my

thoughts to my own neighborhood; study and fall in love with Nature; grow wise in that wisdom which is from within — and be happy. I have been *trying* to do so; but there is something in me that rebels. It cannot be, and I must go restlessly and sorrowfully wandering on. And when I am gone, and you forget the wayfarer, he will not forget you, nor the heart-felt benediction, 'May it remain with you forever!' which he leaves with your household.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

'A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER.'—KEATS.

SPIRIT of Beauty! thou whose glance
 Doth fill the universe with light
 Which is the shadow of thy might,
 Whose fair, immortal countenance
 Transcends all human sight! O where,
 Within what calm and blessed sphere
 Of earth, or air, or heaven, doth dwell
 The glory of thy presence? Now
 All things repose beneath thy spell.
 Bright essence, pure, invisible,
 Blest spirit! where art thou?

Beyond stern Boreas' crystal throne
 Dost hold thy court with meteors dancing,
 And phantom gleams mid shadows wan,
 Like thought from earth to heaven glancing?
 Art sphered in light within the glorious Sun
 When upward on his burning course he hies,
 Or in the golden west when day is done,
 Weaving his gorgeous robe of thousand dyes?
 Hast thou thy home far in yon silvery star,
 Aye twinkling silently,
 As fondly struggling to reveal
 The secret of its mystery;
 Whose radiance floating from afar,
 Like music o'er the heart doth steal,
 Making the listening soul to be
 Part of its own deep melody?
 Dost dwell in the trembling moonbeam's smile,
 When, wakened by the midnight spell,
 Light fairies trip through each silent dell,
 Their dewy ringlets dancing, while
 Beneath the shadowy mountain's base -
 The vales lie steeped in loveliness,
 And the breathing lawns afar do seem
 The soft creation of a dream?

Thy spell is abroad on the Ocean's breast
 When the Sun awakes from his dreamless rest,
 And the crimsoned waves leap exultingly
 Beneath the glance of his golden eye.
 Thou reignest in the glowing haze
 Of noontide, like a presence brooding
 Above the fields in radiance dressed,
 When amber gleams the woods are flooding,
 And insects sport mid the quivering rays;

And the flowers their trembling zones unbind
 To the soft caress of the wooing wind.
 Thou com'st on airy footsteps, blest
 With a spirit-power in the twilight hour,
 When the dreaming lake lies hushed below,
 And the heavens above with looks of love
 Keep watch as the shadows come and go.

All hours, all worlds, thy spell obey;
 Yet not alone within the circling pale
 Of universal Nature's wide domain
 Extends thy sovereign reign;
 The Soul hath beauty of her own
 Which oft doth penetrate the mortal veil
 That shrouds the spirit's viewless throne,
 Winning to something of celestial ray
 The charms that blossom only to decay.
 It lives in all the nameless grace
 Of wreathed line and shifting hue,
 (That speak the pent soul shining through,)
 It sleeps in the unruffled face
 Of holy, smiling infancy,
 Wherein, as in a lake of blue,
 Lies mirrored heaven's own purity.

But most in Woman's soul-lit eye,
 Within whose depths lies eternity!
 And in those smiles that gleam and tremble
 Through the veil that seems to shroud
 Their full effulgence, and resemble
 Lightnings hovering in a cloud;
 And in the light serene and clear
 Of her own vestal purity,
 Which surrounds her like an atmosphere.
 Spirit of Beauty! here confess
 Thy divinest dwelling-place!

Yet not the kindling dawn,
 Nor breathless summer noon, nor soft decline
 Of eve, nor stars, nor moon-lit lawn,
 Nor 'human face divine,'
 Nor aught that greets our earthly sight
 Of most surpassing loveliness,
 Thy full divinity express;
 These are but symbols of thy might.
 High throned above all mortal state,
 Enrapt, serene, owning nor death nor change,
 Nor time, nor place, thou hast thy seat
 In that calm world wherein the Soul doth range,
 Where Thought and Wisdom do abide,
 Beside immortal Truth, thy sister and thy bride!

Supreme immunities are thine,
 Eternal Beauty! glorious giver
 Of light, and joy, and blessedness!
 And they are blest who on thy face divine
 Gaze and repose for ever.
 Such guerdon high do those possess,
 The star-like souls, who dwell apart,*
 Above our dim and common day
 Shining serene. To these thou art
 Immortal light and strength, and they
 By virtue led, and contemplation high,
 Partake with thee thine own eternity!

H. M. G.

* 'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' — WORDSWORTH'S SONNET TO MILTON.

MEADOW-FARM: A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAYFELLOW.'

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

'BECAUSE there dwells
In the inner temple of the holy heart
The presence of the spirit from above:
There are His tabernacles; there His rites.'

SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

THE next day after the events narrated in our last chapter, was the Sabbath. 'How shall it be employed?' No preconcerted plan of worship had been agreed upon; this Rufus chose to leave to the inspiration of the moment. In this small number of persons there were various religious impressions; that is, they had been brought up under different denominations. The widow Stewart and her sons called themselves Baptists; Rufus Gilbert and his wife were Unitarians; Philip and his mother were Calvinists; but no one of all these could be said to have opinions upon religion. Chance, accident, had determined their position; and if any one had been asked why he bore this or that name, he would have said, because I go to this or that church, rather than give any reason for his presumed faith.

With Rufus the case was rather different. An ignorant person in talking with him would have said he was inclined to infidelity; for he had no faith in the saving power of the church, and did not believe that church-membership was necessary to salvation; he maintained that virtue was the key to Heaven, and obedience to conscience the sure passport to eternal happiness; that worship and all the ordinances of religion were the means of cultivating the virtue and obedience, and so far they were sacred.

Philip Wilton had been educated a Calvinist. The splendid intellectual system of orthodoxy had blinded him to the fundamental errors upon which that noble superstructure rests; for grant their premises, and what scheme of faith is so consistent? Of an ardent temperament, he loved to lose himself in religious agitation; and surrounding himself with gloom, and picturing the despair of hell, the agony of the lost, the terrors of the law, to pass in imagination to the foot of the cross and feel his sins forgiven, his stains washed out, by the cleansing blood dripping from the body of the Lord. Then would he mount to Heaven, a purified saint, and veil his face before the ineffable glory of the Father, to thank him, to praise him forever.

Such was the action of his early piety, exhausting, fruitless, and delusive; for every thing was to be done for him, and by simply believing certain facts he was to be entitled to this blissful state. Time has sobered his views, as he felt the power of reason in his

mind, and his experience of life had banished this physical form of worship, and substituted a more spiritual religion in his heart.

The sun shone brightly on this their first Sabbath morning together in their new home. The notes of birds, the rushing streams, the shooting grass was the voice of Spring. The cattle and flocks in the fold cast wistful glances to the pastures on the hill-sides; every thing that had power of motion seemed to have come out to welcome the voice, and to be filled with tranquil happiness. It was surprising to see how perfectly all these persons united in their religious service as they met together in the library to thank God for their blessings. All idea of sect was lost or forgotten in the common feeling of thankfulness. Sheltered by the same roof, fed at the same table, and happy and contented in the same scene, they were led to acknowledge in their hearts that they had a common Father and one faith in Him. All those circumstances of going to different places, having different forms and different names, the rivalry of preachers, and the temporal success of their various churches, were absent, and in the fervor of their gratitude all causes of separation were forgotten, and every thing disuniting was merged in a common sense of dependence, as they confessed their sins and prayed for guidance and light from the one Source of all benefits.

Philip conducted the meeting, and the mother's heart was satisfied with seeing her son even in that humble pulpit. Forgetting himself, and making no special effort to be eloquent and fine, he extemporized a better sermon than he could have written, from the text, 'But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.' Music, a kind of devotion itself, was not wanting to complete the beauty of their simple worship; and when the sun went down on that Sabbath evening, each felt that he had never truly worshipped before; so cold, tame, and meaningless did the almost compelled services of the churches seem to them, when compared with this spontaneous, social outpouring of the heart.

As the sun was declining, John Stewart and Clara had separated from the others in their walk, and stood beside the lake. They were discussing the sermon of Philip: 'And then how beautifully he portrayed the effects of true religion on the life,' said Clara, in reply to some remark of his. 'He has so much feeling that he makes others feel. He does not say such remarkable things, but all he does utter you are sure comes from the bottom of his heart.'

'And do people always produce such effects when they speak from their hearts?' asked John.

'I believe so,' answered Clara; and then there was a long silence, and they sat down on a fallen trunk by the side of the lake, looking at the budding trees reflected in the clear water.

Religion and love are close companions. When the heart is touched by devotion, when we have made our peace with Heaven, and formed resolutions to lead purer and better lives, all the finer parts of our nature are roused into action, and we are prepared to love, to assist, and sympathize with our fellow creatures. A bad man cannot love; he may feel passion, but not love.

John Stewart, with a rough exterior, had a sensitive heart. He had long in secret worshipped the fair Clara, but the sense of his own deficiencies had hitherto kept him silent. His connection with Rufus Gilbert had drawn him often to her mother's house, where he was considered an odd sort of young man; for as we have before remarked, he would sit for hours watching the movements of the younger sister, who regarded him almost like a brother.

'You know, Clara,' at length began John, 'that we are all under a solemn agreement with Mr. Gilbert to have no secret plan, to make no bargain of any kind, and to conceal no grief, while members of the family, but to be perfectly open and trusting in all our dealings with each other.'

'Yes, John; and have you broken the agreement?'

'No, but I am like to, unless you help me out of a difficulty.'

'Oh, any thing, John; you know I would do any thing in my power for you.'

'But if it is not in your power now, will you try to help me?'

'Certainly.'

'Then you must try to love me; you must be my wife, Clara.'

'And the wedding shall take place when you have earned a thousand dollars by your own labor,' said a voice behind them, which they knew to be Rufus Gilbert's.

'And,' added another voice, 'I am an ordained minister, and can legally marry you.'

Turning, they became aware that their friends had come up as they were talking together, and unintentionally heard their conversation.

Clara said nothing, but gave her hand to John, then run to embrace her mother and sister, while her lover half bewildered with delight and happiness so unexpected, was shaking hands with his brothers and friends.

'We heard what you said about the 'solemn agreement,' to divulge all secrets; we have saved you the trouble,' said Rufus. This honesty alone makes you worthy of any woman, and I congratulate myself as well as you upon this plighting.'

The parties returned to the house and spent the evening in singing sacred music together; and if, as some one has observed, happiness is the true atmosphere of devotion and of virtue, John and Clara both were better on that evening than ever before.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

'O THAT the newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death but life!'

CARLYLE'S 'PAST AND PRESENT.'

It must not be supposed that the Meadow-Farmers gained their position without other struggle than the labor of arranging and cultivating their domain. Fortunately for them they had enemies, or rather opponents, who talked against them and wrote against

them, and by these means compelled them to look carefully to their own principles. These attacks taught them their own strength, and gave steadiness and manliness to their efforts. The strong ship never sails so steadily as when she stems an opposing current.

A man can hardly introduce a new kind of plough upon his farm, without being called upon for his reasons; much less can a body of men start a new project of society, unquestioned and unnoticed. Although every freeman may plough and reap as he please, yet may I call him to account for the implied slander which he utters upon the usual and common plough of the country, by throwing it aside and adopting a new one. So when men promulge new doctrines of society, and establish new forms of business and domestic economy, may we not rightfully question them closely, for their attempt to unsettle the established order of things, which they virtually do by such a course? For by no means is it true, that men have the right — the moral right — to plunge recklessly against old institutions and habits, with no other reason than that such is their pleasure. Such crusades may be more safely allowed in monarchical countries, whose heavy and ponderous forms are little moved by them; but in a country where public sentiment is law and government much more than the statute-book, it is not only our right but our duty to watch narrowly every innovation, and to question, with a voice of authority, him who comes to remove the old landmarks planted by our fathers.

This curious and, as it is called, meddling spirit, which Americans show in the affairs of their neighbors, is in fact the instinct of self-preservation in our people. It is a better habit than an idle curiosity, however it may be denominated. It matters little who comes or goes, or what the habits and opinions, of people who live in countries where a military power is ever ready to support the established authority of the land. Not so with us. We require no passports in passing from village to village, from state to state; every man is free to move as he pleases; but there is constantly over every man a jealous scrutiny, and not so much over his personal movements, as over the most important part of him, his opinions and habits. Hence the thousand staring eyes which greet every stranger as he passes through our villages and towns. Is any one desirous of being conspicuous among his fellow men, he has only to quietly take up his abode in any of our country towns; preserve a mysterious silence respecting his business; say no more than is absolutely necessary for his wants, and in a week's time he will become the theme of every tea-table in the neighborhood; and should he incline to go to meeting on the Sabbath, he will find that he will more than equally divide attention with the preacher. As we live and move and have our being as a nation by the action of this public sentiment, is it not a necessary consequence that we are curious and meddling, and often annoying, toward those who come among us to see the strange anomaly, a self-governed people? And we ask such persons seriously, if, having considered the case, our prying, Yankee questioning is a proper subject of their ridicule?

For the same reason, too, all secret societies are deemed dangerous to the community, and our people will not endure them because they are foreign to the character of our government. And how are they foreign, it is asked? Each voter being a part of the government, he wants all the facts of the country before him in order to form his opinion, which he cannot have if secret societies exist. In a despotism the power being in one head, that head alone has need of the facts we refer to; the governed have no interest except to obey, no duty but to submit. To refer to an almost forgotten question, the rights of Free Masons, the opposition and abuse they received was far less against them as Masons, than as asking for protection and privilege, without being willing to yield any thing to that public sentiment which they were opposing by their very existence as a secret society.

Let us draw here one other inference from what has been said, and then to work: a free and untrammelled press is as essential to a free government as air is to life. If the art of printing had been known by the ancient republics they might still have existed. And, moreover, we may demand, as a right, to know any and all of the affairs of others which may, by possibility, act upon this public trust, of which each man is part keeper. And the advantage of this supervision is mutual, for it is well for every one to know that the whole country has an interest in what he does, in his acts, his habits, and especially in his opinions.

Rufus Gilbert courted this scrutiny, and took pains to open his views to all who visited him; but he became unpopular at first with the church in his neighborhood, because he did not come under its wing and ask its influence — an influence always to be obtained by paying for it. Both political parties called him a fool and fanatic, because he did not immediately set down his political opinions and promise his vote for or against men he had never seen or heard of before.

To the Whig committee-man who called to ask his support for that party, he propounded first the question, 'Is your candidate a temperance man?'

'Really, Sir, we have little to do with such narrow questions; I can't answer you.'

'Is he for or against slavery?' next proposed Rufus.

'That, too, is beyond my instructions.'

'What then, may I ask,' said Rufus, 'are the grounds upon which you ask my vote for your candidate?'

'Grounds, Sir! — zounds!' said the emissary, looking about for a convenient stump, 'grounds, did you say? Sir, he is a Whig; he was born a Whig; he has lived a Whig, and will die a Whig. What more can you ask? He never opposes his party; he is a man we can rely upon; we know where to find him; he is a man to stick to the party, if the party go to the d—l; and that's what I call being a patriot.'

A little ruder in speech, but quite as honest in his views, was the friend of the opposing party, who called to solicit the name of

Mr. Gilbert on his paper, whose inquiries respecting the opinions of the candidate upon what he conceived to be vital questions, namely, temperance and slavery, he answered thus:

'I'll tell you what, friend, you're a stranger to me and I'm a stranger to you, but I have heard that you are a friend to the poor; now if such be the case, you hate the Whigs, you hate the rich, the aristocrats that they be; this is as natural as for hens to cackle. Now we don't meddle with temperance, because some of our men can only be brought forward by the drink; we don't touch slavery, because, you see old Hickory may own slaves himself. These are, in polite way of talking, subjects for the straddle. The fence, Sir, the fence, is our only and our tee-total safety on these p'int's.'

'But,' said Rufus, 'because I am a friend to the poor, how does it follow that I must hate the rich? I must love all men, for every man is my brother. I shall not vote at all at the coming election, for I have not had time to inform myself as to the respective merits of the men that are up.'

'That's right, Sir, I must confess,' said the young man, with an entirely different tone and manner, for he was the son of an honest man, and had had early instruction in his youth; 'that's right; I respect you, Mr. Gilbert; 'it's just what father said; and I must tell you, I've seen better days than getting a dollar a day for crying 'Hurrah for old Hickory!' So, re-cocking his hat and falling again into the part he was paid for playing, off he rode.

'A pretty fellow this,' said the Whigs, 'to show no colors; 'I'll bet a cow he will sneak in and vote for Hickory. What right has he to come into our county and play dark till the game turns? We'll fix him!'

'Did you try to buy him?' said the Jackson men to their emissary.

'No; I did n't dare do it; I'll wager drinks all round he is not to be bought.'

'This is a noble fellow,' sighed the Whig candidate himself, when he heard what Rufus had said; 'I must seek him out; a man after my own heart. Would to God I were free to act myself! Oh! this slavery of party; this slavery of the soul! How much meaner and baser is it than any bonds of the body!'

'Saddle me a horse,' said the other candidate; 'I'll ride over and promise him he shall be post-master.'

'That's promised three times already,' said some one; 'promise him the judge of probate, for that's only promised twice.'

'Ah! that will do.' But Rufus was proof against promises and bribes.

Providence smiled upon the labors of the band, in a productive harvest, the first year of their location. The land proved even better than they expected. Uninterrupted health, the result of their simple and regular habits, enabled them to enjoy life as they had never done before. And what was it gave such a spring to their labors? They each had a personal interest in the crops. If profits accrued, they were to gain by them; if losses occurred, they

were to lose by them. But better than this, they all lived in an elevated atmosphere. Subjects of deep interest employed their hours of rest and refreshment. They were living in the school of love and brotherly kindness. No rivalry excited their passions; no competition embittered their intercourse; every act of each one was felt to be the act of all; and they were as much interested in the success of each other as of themselves. It is astonishing how one earnest mind may spread its influence over masses of men, and give tone and harmony to the most discordant elements. Such was the influence of Rufus; and hardly less that of Philip. The young farmers caught the spirit of their discussions, and as they became informed in their minds, they began to take part in their animated debates. This made their hours of rest seasons of real improvement, and they became as much concerned for their intellectual harvest as for the crops on the soil. Their evenings were not spent listlessly in smoking and lolling about on benches, drinking cider and picking their teeth with straws, as many farmers spend them, but in the library, where one read aloud for the benefit of all, or in the general discussion of some topic of sufficient importance to cause them to forget their bodily fatigues. And thus are we kindly constituted by nature; study is rest from bodily labor, and bodily labor is rest from study. It has been proved by experience that one man may more easily do the intellectual and physical labor of two men, than the two can do it separately. The student without exercise becomes the invalid or the madman, and the laborer, without thought and intellectual culture, becomes a brute.

With the majority of our farmers money-getting is the prevailing motive. Are they temperate, it is out of regard to their health and pocket. If they are honest, it is often more a matter of business and credit than of virtue. Can it be denied that the farmer's standard is too low? Does he live for his soul, his mind; to make life a scene of noble progression in knowledge and virtue? Is he not generally more anxious to enlarge his farm than to expand his intellect? Does he not sneer at learning, and glory in his coarseness? Would that he might try the true life; keep up the balance of his powers; make his body the servant of his soul; and look toward knowledge and virtue as the destiny of his being!

Rufus Gilbert had arrived at that point of attainment. He really and sincerely valued money only as a means, an unusual refinement indeed; and this principle he had instilled into the hearts of all his disciples, so that they were elevated beings, and had high views of the object of life. No man who has been by circumstances 'born again' to this new being, ever can go back to the low aims and filthy pursuits of party ambition, or heap up money for money's sake. 'To him that hath shall be given;' such men are always improving, always advancing; they cannot help it. 'From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath;' such men are always retrograding, sinking, falling; they too cannot help it.

As the reader must, by this time begin to feel some interest in the

financial state of the Meadow-Farm, let us look in upon them at the end of the third year of their experiment. The writer will give the statement as it was given to him, and as nearly as may be in the same words.

‘Our original purchase cost five thousand dollars, and consisted of five hundred acres of land, mostly in a wild state. The expense of the house, furniture, and stock, was about two thousand dollars more, for we began with the smallest amount practicable. We numbered at the outset fourteen souls, among whom were seven able-bodied young men, ready to endure hardships and work their way wherever I should lead them. Four of the remaining were women and three were children. The first year was spent in clearing enough land to secure us against want in the way of corn, and potatoes, and wheat; and contrary to my own fears, at the end of it we were able to pay the interest on our borrowed capital, beside having greatly improved our farm. The second year was still more fortunate. We had admitted five new hands, four of whom were able-bodied men and good farmers; so that we were strong in force. The other was a good tailoress whose services we began to need. Mechanics of all sorts flocked in upon us, many of whom we could not receive. At the close of the third year, now, our affairs stand thus:

‘Our farm with the buildings we have erected, is estimated at, and taxed for, eight thousand dollars. We have paid the two thousand dollars borrowed capital, and do not owe a farthing. We have three hundred sheep, and fifty head of cattle and horses. We have a good library; are all well clothed and fed. Some are richer than others, in proportion to the time they have been with us. We now number twenty-five persons, including my own two children, one an infant. John Stewart considers he has earned six hundred dollars toward the thousand which is the condition of his possessing before he can claim the hand of Clara Welton. Not that I think it necessary a young man should possess a fortune before he marries. I think with Cobbett upon this point, that the sooner a young man marries the better for him, if he has good and industrious habits; but we thought it necessary to test the case with John, as he had the reputation of being an odd fellow, and we thought while he was earning the specified amount, we could do it to our satisfaction.

‘But, Sir, the best wealth we have, in my opinion, is the amount of good habits of mind and body among us. Our young farmers are chemists and botanists. We have poets, musicians, and painters among us. We cultivate the sciences as well as the land. Our wealth is in our heads and hearts, as well as something in our pockets. As to myself, I have lost nothing, but on the contrary have received a better interest on my share of the investment than I could have received in any fair business. Thus you see what united labor can accomplish; in three years we have converted three thousand dollars into eight thousand. Our profits in happiness and improvement cannot be estimated in money.’

Now although much was said and written against this new-fangled scheme of Meadow-Farm, when the public saw how successful and

happy were the members, what peace and harmony reigned among them, and more than all, how much money they were making, the tide began to turn the other way. Parents gave the best evidence of what they thought of it, by striving to get their children received into Philip Welton's school. The few boys placed at first under his charge had made such improvement, not only in their studies but in their dispositions, living in an atmosphere of love and kindness, that the school began to be very popular, and many pupils were refused for want of room. Let us look in of a summer morning, at the library, and see the charms the place had for the youth. It was a large and spacious room, kept studiously clean. Books were arranged around upon the walls; historical pictures were seen here and there. The bust of WASHINGTON, which, though never so badly executed, always tells us of firmness and virtue, patriotism and heroism, stood conspicuously fronting the entrance; that of FRANKLIN, the true man and republican, the wise man and the practical man, stood near it. Flowers were placed here and there upon the tables. There was no master's desk, no pedagogical throne, the sceptre a ferula. All formality was banished from the place, and they found their seats as suited their taste and convenience. They came and went as in the order of a well-conducted reading-room, without restraint, and looked like those who came to seek knowledge, rather than like the pupils of most schools, whose anxious faces seem to say, 'When will it be my turn to be crammed?' 'How long will it be before it will be time to leave this prison?'

Or listen to the words of the teacher as he meets his pupils in the morning, and cordially takes each one by the hand, and thus removes all feeling of distance and reserve between himself and his scholars. 'My dear children, our law is love; see, it is written yonder,' pointing to an inscription on the wall, 'God is love;' 'let us to-day strive to obey this law in our thoughts and actions. It is our first duty to be good, and then, if we can, to be learned and honorable, and graceful and happy. You have collected here to learn history, and language, and useful sciences; but all these will avail you nothing, unless you first learn to govern your passions, and obey your conscience, and try to be like Christ, in preferring to bear and suffer every thing rather than commit sin. This is the enemy of happiness; the only evil in the world; for a good man cannot be unhappy. Let us, before we do any thing else, ask our Father to assist us in forming this character.'

The pupils all kneel devoutly; they all pray mentally. It is no hurried form of prayer, run through without preparation, and which robs the young of respect for devotional exercises. They are all impressed by the service, and the great idea that they will be assisted in whatever they purely undertake, gives encouragement and hope to their hearts. The words, the manner, the confidence of their teacher, lift the pupils into an elevated frame of mind, and they are ashamed, or rather forget, to do wrong, so wholly are they occupied with that which is good.

In our ambition for a high intellectual training for our youth, is

there not danger that we may forget that moral and spiritual discipline, without which learning and education are a curse? Better is it that the child remain untaught in human learning, and be left to the influences and teachings of nature, than to be so engaged in the works and inventions and plans of man, that he rarely thinks of or regards the great purpose for which he was born, and received a living soul.

We are so bigoted and sectarian, that religious instruction is excluded from our common schools, for fear some sect should get the advantage of the others. We know it is allowed to teach the great principles of morality and religion, the existence of a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments; but these a child gets any where in a Christian land; he drinks them in with his mother's milk. But what folly it is to suppose that the teacher can help giving the bias of his own mind to the children, in teaching even the general principles of religion! He is aware himself that he cannot, and so he abstains from the subject altogether, or alludes to it in such a manner that it would be better let alone. At the present time no wonder there is no reverence in the young. The name and laws of God are not taught as the first and most important lessons in our common schools.

When Walter Scott was asked how he educated his sons, he said, 'he taught them to ride and to speak the truth;' showing the high value he placed upon moral and physical training, and not even noticing their intellectual pursuits. For he undoubtedly meant to convey the idea that so good principles are established in the hearts of the young, and their physical health properly cared for, there is but little fear that they will be deficient in those elevated studies whose tendency is so kindred with virtue, and whose essence is the great immutable truths of creation. Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and every thing shall be added unto you; even knowledge and power.

CHAPTER NINTH.

T H E S T O R E .

"This is the latest fashion, m'em," said the young clerk, with obsequious politeness, to a raw country girl, as he spread out before her some damaged calicoes.

'STORIES FOR THE PEOPLE.'

THERE WAS no subject which Rufus had more at heart, than to connect with the farm a place of trade for his company and such of the neighboring farmers as chose to benefit by it. Brought up in a country store himself, he felt a thorough disgust for the extortions, tricks, and lures of the class calling themselves country merchants. He knew well that the largest profits are almost invariably put upon the most useless articles; that every inducement is held out to the vain and weak to buy; the temptation of credit, the fanciful adjustment of flimsy fabrics to catch the eye and bewilder the fancy of ignorant servant maids; that what an article will fetch is the price

of it, and not what it is really worth. If any one doubts these statements, let him inquire, and he will find that flour pays hardly any profit at all; that sugars, teas, and most of the heavy articles, are sold in the country store at barely enough to pay the cost of transportation, clerk-hire, and store-rent. How then does the merchant amass his gains? By the sale of wines and liquors, which he manufactures himself from alcohol; by selling at exorbitant profits things which cost him scarcely any thing; by obtaining mortgages on the farms for his store accounts, and ultimately getting the land into his possession for half its value.

To obviate these evils, and to secure a fair price for the products of the farm, and to be able to buy at a reasonable profit; to secure the young and giddy against temptation; he drew up a plan which he submitted to a number of the farmers in his neighborhood, who began to show themselves favorably disposed toward him. The main features of the plan were these: A capital of ten thousand dollars was divided into shares of one hundred dollars, and these shares were to be taken up by individuals; no person being allowed to hold more than four shares. Each share was to have one vote in the affairs of the concern.

When all the shares should be taken up, the company were to hire a person who, under a board of directors, was to manage the store. He was to buy and sell goods at such prices as the board should allow; exchange goods for produce, and carry on the general business of a country store as usual, only that the interest so many had in the store should secure them against exorbitant prices and unjust profits. Every holder of a share became so far the merchant; and if he paid a profit upon the goods which he bought, a part of the profit belonged to him. So in selling produce at the store; if he demanded an unjust price, he was robbing himself as well as others; and thus honest prices and profits were made his interest as well as duty.

The plan met with instant approval, and was put into immediate operation. Meadow-Farm began to assume the appearance of a village. Saving a tavern-stand, it had all the appurtenances of one. Work-shops were erected, mills set a-going, and neat cottages peeped from among luxuriant shrubbery in this amphitheatre of hills. The sounds of industry were heard where a few years before all was the unbroken silence of nature; and songs of joy and thanksgiving gushed from many hearts whose youth had been laden with sighs and tears.

Successful beyond his hopes, Rufus looked over the whole, and his conscience told him, 'This is my work; under the blessing of heaven my design is answered; truly may we cast our bread upon the waters, and find it after many days.' He felt at the moment that he had paid back to society all that his father had taken from it, and his heart was at peace.

But what were his own domestic relations, it may be asked, in this kind of common life? Did not his heart pine for a home of his own? Did he not long for the seclusion, the freedom of a hearth

he could call exclusively his own? Did not this constant watchfulness over so many, distract his attention from his wife and children? By no means. The domestic arrangements of the house were such that he could retire and be as solitary as a hermit. No member of the band lost his individuality any more than men do by living in cities and villages. The association and its laws did not merge the domestic relations or destroy the family bond. On the contrary, the father had more time to give to his wife and the education of his children than is usual, because both himself and wife were freed from much of that domestic drudgery which so much occupies the time of the middle ranks of men. Three women, by a judicious distribution of labor, can cook and keep house for thirty persons with more ease and much greater economy than one woman can do all the work for five persons, the average number of households. And if the outlay in conveniences and labor-saving machinery which a large establishment authorizes, be taken into account, this truth becomes still more apparent.

Ruth heartily from the first coöperated with her husband, and took her full share of all the hard work; and by her example and readiness at the outset, procured for herself all the leisure she desired in the end. Here the women were not the mere lookers-on at the operations of their husbands. They had an interest in the profits of the concern, and voted upon all questions which involved the general conduct of affairs. Being responsible for their opinions, in one sense, they took care to inform themselves upon subjects which unhappily are too often considered out of the reach and beyond the capacity of the female mind. Woman at Meadow-Farm was not the mere cook of her husband's food, his house-keeper, his plaything, or his drudge; the nurse and convenience of the lord, one or the other of which offices most women fill in society. Her time was considered equally valuable with that of the males; and her heart and ambition were not crushed by receiving for her best exertions the paltry pittance, about one third the wages of males, which the highest civilization awards to her.

At the end of five years John Stewart was worth *the* thousand dollars, and the union with Clara Welton was consummated, amid much rejoicing and real happiness of all parties concerned.

Philip Welton still continues to this day to be the school-master, preacher, playmate and friend of all persons who need such offices at the farm. The writer has made several visits to his chance friends since the time when he first became acquainted with them; and now, in conclusion, and by way of apology, would say to the reader that he has been led to undertake this simple and unadorned narration of the *origin of one of the finest villages in the country*, because he thought it remarkable that a scheme of association should have been carried out and accomplished, without making any noise in the world, just prior to the time of a great movement among some leading and philosophic minds upon the same subject.

The village now looks much like other villages; but if you examine into the character of the people there, you will find great union

of heart and hand in all philanthropic effort. It is a remarkable place. Rufus Gilbert still lives, and his gentle wife is the happy mother of a numerous offspring. May they long live to bless and adorn the world; but not for ever; for we feel sure that for such hearts and characters there is prepared, in that other world, a blissful reward for their exertions in this, and free from its trials and perplexities; where there is no more sorrow and sighing, and all tears are wiped away for ever.

T H E M A I D E N ' S B U R I A L .

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

I.

VEIL tenderly the pale and placid brow,
Round which the floating hair
Gleams like a sunbeam, moving lightly now
In the soft summer air!

II.

Around her pillow ye have strown fresh flowers,
And her small pulseless hand
Claspeth white rose-buds, as in childhood's hours,
With her own bright-eyed band!

III.

Upon her pallid lip a smile is set,
The spirit's parting boon!
Why mourn that flow'rs with heaven's own dew-drops wet
Perish before their noon?

IV.

The soft, dark lashes rest upon her cheek,
Like shadows on the snow;
Hiding the full blue orbs whose light we seek —
But shall we find? — ah, no!

V.

There is less beauty in the glowing skies,
Less music in the vale;
The streams flow onward in a sadder guise,
The springs of pleasure fail.

VI.

Give back the precious dust, so still and fair,
Unto the waiting earth!
Hallow her couch with song and tearful prayer —
Tributes to love and worth.

VII.

A flood of radiance from the spirit-land
Dispels the gathered gloom;
Near to her God the spotless soul shall stand,
Forgetful of the tomb!

A NIGHT ON LAKE ERIE.

BY PETER VON GEIST.

NIGHT upon the waters! The blue waves of Old Erie are black, and loud, and angry; and the good ship sits uneasily, as though they were trying by incessant, convulsive throbs to shake the encumbrance from their bosom. The Heavens above are as though a pall were settling down upon us; and the horizon on all sides is marked by a zone of lurid light, like the distant fires of a conflagration. The light-house, far behind us, glimmers like the rising evening star, and its ray flashes along the dim and swelling surface, revealing the wide and heaving waste that intervenes. The strained masts quiver, and the vessel bends like an over-matched, but unyielding gladiator, before the blast. It is a night to make the timid tremble, and the bold to shout out a wild 'Halloo!' to the winds as they sweep past.

Onward the barque drives; and I sit myself down on the bowsprit, over the water, and look down on the boiling surges beneath. Eternally, in quick succession, the white-capped waves come foaming in, and hurl themselves against the reeling bow. High are they flung back, in broken fragments, and madly, like grape-shot, is the spray dashed far out on either side. Now the ship rears up her head, as if affrighted and seeking to escape from the encounter, and in a moment she plunges desperately down into the foaming mass, which leaps up to receive her.

'On high the winds lift up their voices,' and howl, and shriek, and moan, and rage; and on high I lift up *my* voice too, but it sounds like the soft notes of a lute amid the smoke and thunder of artillery. Oh! ye spirits that ride on the wings of the wind! and ye spirits of the deep, that roll, and twist, and writhe, like serpents, on the water! who taught you to combat so furiously? The blue sky, that is wont to smile down on your repose, or on your peaceful sports, is veiled by the smoke of your battle; and under a dark canopy, as is most befitting strife, whether of spirits or of men, you wage fierce war. The petty distinctions of society; the vanity, the acquirements, the skill of man, are in your presence awed and abashed. But have their ambition and the evil passions which fill and degrade his heart taken possession of you also? I will not believe it; for Nature never conceived nor uttered an unholy thought. Or perhaps your rage is kindled against this fabric of human construction, which invades your ancient domain? Ah! well; howl and fight on; the cunning handiwork of him who calls himself your master defies your rebellious ravings!

What a stirring thing it is, to throw out a hearty defiance to the thunder and tempest! When a man flings his gauntlet into the

face of the storm, all the strength there is in him is strained up; he feels himself rigid, and braced to meet the impending shock. If I were disposed, I might pause here to show, that in the everyday moulding of mind and character, a kindred principle is perceivable; that it is gigantic opposition that makes the gigantic man; that every man who has done great things in the world *has* met such opposition; and that he was a great man, because his mind was taught to despise them, and to go forth, trusting in its own strength to meet them. I do not wonder that Ajax, when he defied the lightning, felt himself a god.

Undismayed, the stout ship struggles on, driving through the rolling sea, as if determined to force her way into, and loose herself in, the unmeasured and unexplored tract of darkness that lies before us. At length the night and the elements are beginning to assume something like their accustomed tranquillity; and now the wind, wearied with the contest, forgets its anger, and sweeps by only in short, irregular growls; while the sea continues to heave up its long, black, unbroken waves; as though the passion which penetrates and rages in a deep bosom, does not its work so quickly and lightly. The heavy clouds that seemed to embrace the lake gradually lift, and are borne swiftly and in fragments away toward the north. One by one, and for a moment at a time, the stars come out, and the rising crescent moon sends down her first trembling rays; trembling, indeed, but like the timid smile of the loved one, when it shines on the troubled sea of doubt and despair in our hearts, how brightening! The darkness is illumined by that gentle light, and we go on our way with new hopes and new courage.

The light which is thrown on the scene is like that of dawn, dim but steady, and sufficient to reveal, as far as it can be revealed, its magnificence. On the left, and at but a little distance, rise perpendicular bluffs, an hundred feet in height, and nearly as many miles in length, against which the swell is breaking, with hollow thunder, and spray dashed far up its jagged rocks. On the other side, far as the eye can reach, the waves come rolling in, grim and gray, seeming to proceed from where the edge of the horizon rests on the bosom of the waters. Occasionally, one which lifts its crest above the others, may be seen far off bursting into foam; in a single place, at first, and then the white streak winding along its summit mile after mile, till the eye is tired with following it.

There is grandeur in the unvarying sameness of these parallel ridges, which sway the ship up and down as though it were a cork, as well as in the deep monotone of their voice. This same voice, this same tone, has been given forth in storm and calm, in the darkness of night and in the light of day, for uncounted ages! When there was no created eye or heart to see and be moved, deep has here called unto deep, and storm has answered storm!

These cliffs have always felt the gentle wash, or the leaping weight of the waters. This lake felt no change when its surface was first broken by the keel of civilized man; its voice is as loud in wrath, and as soft in calm, and its pulsations are as deep, as

when it made music to solitude, and disported itself alone! And by this is taught the enquirer one useful lesson (and on what page of her great book, does not Nature speak such instruction?) in human life. When a man is great, he is elevated above the heads of his fellow men so far, that the objects and passions which are so vast to them seem to him, from the distance, very small. And one of the first things that he loses sight of, is love of the approbation of the world. If he ever manifests this love, it is a sign that he has descended; and it is not surprising that he should sometimes; for he cannot be expected to be so elevated, except periodically. But when he is doing a great work, he goes forward like these waves, in his own strength, and in the majesty of his own purposes; and the breath of the crowd, whether sent forth to applaud or condemn, is like the idle wind, which passes by and touches him not. The history of every poet, or philosopher, or politician, who has himself gone before, and hastened on the slow footsteps of his generation in the march of improvement, would illustrate this principle. They have, each one, forgotten the world, and toiled to discover and elaborate some new truth, for its own sake, or for the sake of others; and when the gem was duly set, luminous, to shed light on man's pathway, and beautiful, to elevate and refine his mind, purify and warm his heart, it has been cast down with a careless hand, for those who will, to pick up.

I might exhibit this position more familiarly, by appealing to the consciousness of every writer; the present writer, for instance; and assuring *him* if he ever wrote or thought any thing really good, when he was pondering all the while what other people would think or say concerning it? It is impossible: he paints a scene or landscape, or analyzes passion, because he loves to do so; and of course, does it best when he forgets for the moment that his picture or reasoning will come under the eye of any one else. Man can make music fit for the stars to hear, only when he makes it *to* the stars; and then when men hear it, they will call it the music of the spheres.

The night-lamps of the firmament are unveiled, and shine down as calmly as they did on the garden of Eden. I wonder that they are not tired, and do not grow dim with long watching; the more that their watch is over such a world as this. They look down steadily on scenes of crime, and folly, and suffering; and yet their pure eyes are never seen obscured with grief, or to grow brighter through anger. Perhaps, like some noble men, they see in the mass of unclean things with which man has filled his soul the spirit of Divinity, which was breathed into it at the first, not yet wholly corrupted or cast out; and keep hoping on, that he will before long purify himself, and that they shall again shine down on the garden of Eden. We love them for this, because they love us. Like God, they are present to every heart that looks up toward Heaven. Like the countenance of a friend, too, they speak to us; rejoicing with a dancing ray, when we rejoice; pouring down a warm, steady flood of light, when we are full of quiet and happi-

ness; and they have a cheering, reviving beam for the afflicted and despairing—a beam that speaks of constancy and hope.

But morning approaches; the wearied powers demand repose; and it is sweet to lie down like a cradled child, and sleep with the ceaseless wash of waters, for a lullaby, and rocked by their ceaseless roll!

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.

WITH A BRAND-NEW MORAL.

A LION once, by hunters pressed,
He jumped out of his skin;
A Donkey found it, passing by,
And straightway he jumped in.

He stretched his legs, he switched his tail,
He grinned in triumph vain,
And snugly hid a foot of ears
Among the shaggy mane.

At sight of him, on every side
The beasts began to 'shin it';
As frightened at the lion's hide
As if himself were in it.

Nor sight alone contented him,
But try his voice he would;
And brayed as like a lion's roar
As ever a jackass could.

Just then upon the road he saw
His master, honest man;
Quoth would-be lion to himself,
'I'll scare him, if I can!'

An extra flourish then he flung,
Too lustily no doubt,
For, shaken from their hiding-place,
Lo! his long ears stuck out!

His master took the timely hint,
And ere the joke was done,
He curried off the lion-skin,
And laid the cow-skin on.

MORAL,

With empty heads in borrowed locks,
Thus Dandies throng Broadway,
And strut as if they were in truth
The Lions of the day.

And why the cow-skin follows not,
Would you the reason know?
Dame Nature has encased them all
In calf-skin long ago.

Savannah, Georgia, 1843.

J. REWYN PIRSOHN.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

NUMBER THREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Saratoga Springs, July 4, 1843.

SIR: Being now located at the Springs, amid all the gayety and elegance and aristocracy of the land, I found last evening, among the ladies in the drawing-room, the July number of your periodical. Again was I shocked and overwhelmed at the gross impudence with which you persist in the promulgation of my private affairs. That you should have published my second personal epistle to yourself, is a tremendous aggravation of your audacity. I shall take care to frame this in a style which will preclude all possibility of your printing it, and disclosing your own rascality.

I have heard moreover that well-known individuals in England have been highly disgusted at the cool, hyena-like, editorial ferocity with which you and your greedy subscribers feed upon this foul dish of scandal. Such heartless conduct cannot fail to confirm our neighbors across the 'great Atlantic privilege' in their uncomplimentary opinion of American probity. *Repudiation* was a virtue compared with this infamous violation of the rights of man. Even here, amid all the soothing magnificence of the surroundings; in the solemn stillness of the woods, or by the stainless bosom of Saratoga Lake, or by that salubrious fount of which half a dozen tumblers are so invigorating to the spirits and beneficial to the bowels, I am sick at soul when I realize the wickedness and worldly-mindedness of Magazine Editors.

You have not hinted one syllable about *pecuniary compensation*; and how, under such a load of ingratitude, can you expect that you will be long permitted to pursue your fiendish career? A reasonable sum would satisfy me; but I forbear to urge it, for I doubt if you are a Christian. This is the last time I shall address you; nor should I now write, except to charge you immediately to return the remaining manuscripts, or to forward the customary fee for articles of equal value. You will not dare to publish this letter, I am sure, unless you are a fool as well as a fraudulent and evil-minded person.

Yours, by no means,

— — —.

At the risk of our reputation, we have ventured to publish the above severe remonstrance; and in reply, we take pleasure in soothing the lacerated nerves of our financial friend by the following statement:

Some days ago, about sherry-cobbler time, a middle-aged indi-

vidual, between five and six feet high, not very stout, although far from slim; of an open countenance; a nose Greco-Gothic, inclining to the Roman, and eyes neither light nor dark, called at our sanctum, and claimed to be the author of the poetical epistles in question. Before we had time to apologize for our part in this curious affair, the stranger, so far from producing a horse-whip, assured us, with a benignant smile, that he forgave the liberty we had assumed, and moreover, that he wished to extend his pardon to the gentleman whose late indiscretion had put us in possession of the papers. Far be it from himself, the stranger said, to remain behind the age; he supposed it was the custom of the country; and this apology, as in the aforementioned case of Repudiation, must content his friends in London. It was true, he added, that some offence had been taken abroad by this truly American proceeding; but on the whole, as he found the KNICKERBOCKER a conveyance considerably safer than the steamboat-mail, and as it was beside an immense saving in the matter of postage, he would permit us to continue the correspondence. As for those letters which we still retained in our keeping, he assured us that we were perfectly free to enlighten with them our 'Principes' or the public. Beside all this, he placed in our hands a fresh epistle, which he had intended to have sent by the next packet, but which, by his generous permission, we are happy to insert in the present number.

We trust that this will quiet the sensibilities of our Saratoga friend, and that he will return to the city with an invigorated conscience, a healthful moral sense, and a stomach improved by the waters.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

LETTER THIRD.

TO EDWARD MOXON, PUBLISHER, LONDON.

THE fiery bark that brought your missives o'er,
Brought the sad news that MURRAY was no more.
From still Hoboken, where I chanced to stray,
I marked the monster belching up the bay,
And guessed (already have I learned to *guess*,)
From her black look, she told of some distress.
Tidings of gloom her sable streamer spoke,
And the long train of her funereal smoke;
And soon the bulletins revealed the grief:
'JOHN MURRAY's dead! of book-sellers the chief!'

In all the strange events that Rumor sends,
By flood and flame, to earth's remotest ends;
War, famine, wreck, and all the varying fates
Of rising cottons or of falling states;
Revolts at home, and troubles o'er the seas,
Among the Afghans, Chartists, and Chinese;
In all the recent millions that have gone
To the dark realm, and still are hastening on,
That one small tradesman should have joined the throng
Seems a mean theme to babble of in song.
Yet such is Fame! and such the pow'r of books,
To make small names as deathless as the Duke's: *

* In England there is but one Duke who is universally and deservedly known as 'THE Duke.'

Yes, the same volume that recordeth you,
 Ye mighty chiefs! embalms the printer's too;
 And wheresoe'er the poet's fame hath flown,
 There too the poet's publisher is known;
 So shall our friend enjoy, to endless ages,
 An immortality of title-pages.

Ev'n here, in Scythia, where the slighted Muse
 Gets but cold greeting from the rude Yahoos;
 Ev'n here is faintly heard a public sigh,
 Ah, that Childe Harold's accoucheur should die!
 That he who made such elegant editions
 Should be past help from parsons or physicians;
 Dead as the most defunct of all the verse
 For which erewhile he tapped his liberal purse;
 No more a bargainer for true sublime,
 Himself a subject for a scrap of rhyme.

Methinks I see his melancholy ghost
 Near his old threshold, at his ancient post;
 Watching with eager and obsequious grin,
 The pensive customers that enter in.
 With curious eye selecting from the throng,
 Each who has dabbled in the realm of song;
 And offering, as of yore, for something nice
 In way of Epitaph, the market price.
 And now his bones the sculptured slab lie under,
 What generous bard will *give* him one, I wonder?
 For all the golden promises he made;
 For all the golden guineas that he paid;
 For all the fame his counter could afford
 The rev'rend pamphleteer and author-lord;
 For all the tricks he taught the friendless muse;
 For all his purchased papers in Reviews;
 For all the pleasant stories he retailed;
 For all the turtle when the stories failed;
 For all the praises, all the punch he spent,
 What grateful hand will deck his monument?

CAMPBELL's too proud the compliment to grant:
 SOUTHEY, for sundry weighty reasons, can't.
 Should MOORE attempt it, he'd be sure to damn
 John's many virtues in an epigram.
 ROGERS' blank verse so very blank has grown,
 'T would scarce be legible on Parian stone;
 WORDSWORTH would mar it by inscribing on it
 A little sermon — what he calls a sonnet.
 Alas! for all the guineas that he paid,
 For all the immortalities he made,
 For all his venison, all his right old wine,
 Will none contribute one sepulchral line?

In truth I'm sad, although I seem to laugh,
 To think that John should need an epitaph.
 The greatest blows bring not the truest tear,
 These minor losses touch the heart more near;
 As fewer drops gush over from the eyes
 When heroes fall than when your valet dies;
 They, of another, an immortal race,
 Ne'er seemed on earth well suited with their place,
 And though they yield their transitory breath,
 We know their being but begins with death:
 So winter ushers in the new-born year,
 So the flowers perish ere the fruits appear.
 When common men, when men like MURRAY, thus
 Are snatched away, 't is taking one of us;

And more in his we feel our own decay
 Than if a WELLINGTON were snatched away.
 'Tis not lost genius we lament the most,
 No; but the man, the old companion lost:
 Who'd not give more to bring back GILBERT GURNEY,
 Or SMITH or MATTHEWS from their nether journey,
 Than all your MILTONS or your BACONS dead,
 Or all the BONAPARTES that ever bled?
 So, were the blue rotundity of heaven
 By some muck-running, outlawed comet riven,
 Should any orb, say yonder blazing Mars,
 Be blotted from the muster-roll of stars,
 HERSCHEL might groan, or SOMERVILLE might sigh,
 But what would London care? — or you, or I?
 Far more we vulgar mortals might lament,
 Should some starved earthquake gulp a slice of Kent.

Now let no pigmy poet, in his pride,
 The humble mem'ry of our friend deride:
 More than he dreams, his little species owe
 Those good allies, the Patrons of the Row:
 They, only they, of all the friends who praise,
 All who forgive, and all who love your lays,
 Of all that flatter, all that wish you well,
 Sincerely care to have your volume sell.
 How oft, when Quarterlies are most severe,
 And every critic aims a ready sneer,
 And young Ambition just begins to cool,
 And Genius half suspects himself a fool,
 The placid publisher, the more they rail,
 Forebodes the triumph of a speedy sale,
 And gently lays the soul-sustaining balm
 Of twenty sovereigns in your trembling palm;
 While more than speech his manner seems to say,
 As bland he whispers, 'Dine with me to-day.'

Or when some doubtful bantling of your brain,
 Conceived in pleasure but achieved with pain,
 A bit of satire, or a play perchance,
 A fresh, warm epic, or new-laid romance,
 Receives from all to whom your work you show
 Civil endurance, or a faint 'so so';
 When men of taste, men always made of ice,
 Cool your gay fancies with *a friend's advice*,
 And prudent fathers, yawning as you read,
 Knit the sage lips, and wag the pregnant head,
 And bid you stick to your molasses tierces,
 And leave sweet ladies to concoct sweet verses:
 How oft your MURRAY, with a keener eye,
 Detects the gems that mid your rubbish lie;
 Instructs you where to alter, where to blot,
 And how to darn and patch your faulty plot;
 Then bravely buys, and gives you to the town
 In duodecimo, for half a crown.

And oh! how oft when some dyspeptic swain
 Pours forth his agonies in sickly strain,
 Mistaking, in the pangs that through him dart,
 A wretched liver for a breaking heart;
 And prates of passions that he never felt,
 And sweats away in vain attempts to melt;
 Or takes to brandy, and converts his verse,
 From sad to savage, nay, begins to curse,
 And raves of Nemesis and hate and hell,
 And smothered woes that in his bosom swell;
 When Newstead is the name his fancy gives
 The snug dominion where he cheaply lives,

And aping still th' aristocratic bard,
 With 'Crede Jenkins' graved upon his card,
 When with his trash he hurries to the press,
 Crying 'O print me! print me!!' in distress,
 Some bookseller, perhaps, most kindly cruel,
 Uses the dainty manuscript for fuel.
 Ah! Ned, hadst thou, when once with rhyme opprest,
 Found such a friend, (pray pardon me the jest,)
 Hadst thou but been as friendly to thyself,
 Thy Poems never had adorned thy shelf.

But all is ended now! John's work is o'er;
 He praises, pays, and publishes no more.
 Henceforth no volume, save the Book of fate,
 Shall bear for him an interest small or great:
 And if in heaven his literary soul
 Walk the pure pavement where the planets roll,
 Few old acquaintances will greet him there,
 Amid the radiant light and balmy air;
 Since few of all who wrote or sang for him
 Shall join the anthem of the seraphim.
 Yet there might Fancy, in a mood profane,
 Behold him listening each celestial strain,
 Catching the cadences that sweetly fall,
 Wond'ring if such would sell, below, at all,
 And *calculating*, as they say on earth,
 How much those heavenly hymns would there be worth.

Or if in Proserpine's more sultry sky
 For his misdeeds the Publisher must sigh,
 Though much good company about him stand,
 And many an author take him by the hand,
 And swarms of novelists around him press,
 And many a bard return his warm caress,
 Though there on all the sinners he shall gaze
 Who ever wrote, or planned, or acted plays;
 On all the wits, from Anna's time to ours,
 Who strewed perdition's pleasant way with flowers;
 On BURNS, consumed with more substantial fire
 Than ever love or whisky could inspire;
 On SHELLEY, seething in a lake of lead,
 And BYRON stretched upon a lava bed;
 Little shall he, or they, or any there,
 Of magazines or morning journals care;
 Little shall there be whispered or be thought,
 About the last new book and what it brought;
 Little of copyright and Yankee thieves,
 Or any wrong that CHARLIE'S bosom grieves;
 But side by side reviewer and reviewed,
 Critic and criticised must all be — stewed;
 Alas! they groan — alas! compared with this,
 Ev'n BLACKWOOD'S drunken surgery was bliss.
 How less than little were the direst blows
 Dealt by brute GIFFORD on his baby foes!
 How light, compared with hell's eternal pain,
 The small damnation was of Drury Lane!

Down! down! thou impious, dark Imagination,
 Forbear the foul, the blasphemous creation;
 Whate'er John's doom, in whatsoever sphere,
 Wretched or blest, 't is not for us to hear.
 Not many such have dignified his trade,
 So boldly bargained and so nobly paid.
 Oh may his own Divine Paymaster prove
 As kind and righteous in the realms above!

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

At about eleven o'clock, on a fine day, a tall elderly man, habited in a long-skirted blue overcoat, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, his neck enveloped in the ample folds of a white cravat, the ends of which toyed pleasantly with the morning air; and having in his hand a cane, whose top was carved in a miniature likeness of a dog with a distressing countenance, slowly descended the precipitous flight of stone steps which form the rear mode of egress from the City Hall. Having safely landed himself, the elderly gentleman paused, rubbed one hand gently over the other, as if congratulating himself that one of the perils of the day was over, and then walked out into the Park, and deliberately set his watch by the town-clock. Being a cautious man, however, and a man of experience, and one who piqued himself on doing every thing better than any one else, and upon being always right when all the rest of the world was wrong, and on being in general in all respects somewhat — but not too much, merely a trifle — superior to the ordinary run of mankind; and being aware that the town-clock had four faces, which always differed in opinion as to the hour; and being too knowing to be taken in by any small trick of that kind, he winked to himself, and took the pains to make the circuit of the building, and successively to inspect each face of the aforesaid public time-keeper; and having ascertained that the majority was with the one which he had first consulted, he pulled his waistcoat very high up in front and dropped his watch into a small pocket in the waistband of his trowsers. After which, he buttoned his coat and set about his day's work with no little complacency and good humor.

The direction which he took led to one of the poorer parts of the town; and although he walked slowly, it was not long before he was in the thick of those narrow, ill-ventilated streets, hemmed in by decaying houses and reeking cellars, which proclaim, plainer than words, that vice and want, and a thousand other ills which canker the heart, and eat up all that is noble in human nature, are lurking in their dark recesses.

Mr. Chicken, for he it was, paused in front of one of the dim holes, where a dozen wretched beings, ill clad and ill fed, were herding together, and wondered why they *would* live in such places; and why they did not pay more attention to their dress; really, it was exceedingly shocking; some of them were half naked. 'It's

quite indelicate, quite!' said he, mentally: 'Mrs. Chicken would die if she saw it. I declare, I won't be positive — no, yes — no; yet I do think one of them is a woman; I really *do* think that rug is meant for a petticoat. It *must* be a woman,' said he, continuing his investigations in a cautious manner. 'It *is* a woman.' Ah! it's agin natur.'

There was no doubt of the truth of his suspicion; half of them were females. Squatting and crouching there, they raised their bleary eyes toward him in sullen indifference; too miserably wretched to heed or resent the look of disgust and surprise which met theirs, other than by a heartless laugh or a ribald jest; too callous to feel, and too broken down in body and soul to taunt. The deputy-sheriff shook his head, for although he had often been amid scenes where the strong heart was wrung; where the debtor, ground down by creditors with hearts of flint, and eyes greedy of gold, was struggling beneath the fangs of the law, and crying for indulgence and mercy: although he had seen the calm, pale look of despair; the silent but resolute face of the man who had parted with his all, and finally yielded his body for the gold which he could not pay; and the wife clasping his neck, and his children clinging to him; ay, actually showing marks of affection to a man who was penniless; yet he had rarely encountered a den like this. He had only witnessed suffering and despair in their first stages. Had he desired to see the human soul when hope had darkened into desperation; when friends had fallen off, or less painful than that, had died; when the body had been wasted, and the blood dried up, and yet had yielded no gold; when even that untiring thing, a creditor, had grown weary of his prey, and had flung his victim adrift, to find none to sympathize, no path open, no home left, and even hope dead; he should have lingered a little longer; and in common with the born thief, the hardened courtesan, the reeling drunkard, and the savage brawler, he would have found those whom the sun of prosperity had once warmed, and who once had little dreamed in what foul haunts they would linger out the remnant of life which was yet in store for them.

Mr. Chicken, however, having already expressed his opinion, merely shook his head disapprovingly, on concluding his investigation, and said nothing, but kept on, now turning into one narrow street to the right, then striking into another to the left; now stumbling along broken pavements, and dilapidated steps; at one time half stifled with exhalations which steamed up from reeking kennels and under-ground dwellings, until he finally emerged into a broader street; but still the dwellings were of a meaner cast. Stopping in front of one of these, he stealthily drew out his pocket-book, took from it a small slip of paper, looked at it, then at the house; coughed several times; cleared his throat emphatically and fixed his hat firmly on his head; buttoned his coat to the chin, placed his cane under his left arm, and grasping the small paper firmly in his right hand, like one preparing for a mortal struggle, precipitated himself headlong into a dark alley. Stumbling over a

broken pail, a log of wood, and a few minor articles of a domestic description, which usually beset benighted alleys and dim stairways, the sheriff's deputy finally caught sight of daylight in a small yard, with which the passage communicated, and found himself at the door of a dilapidated house, built in the rear of one fronting on the street.

It was a small faded building, two stories high, sinking and crumbling away, like a person weak in the side. Narrow windows, cracked and dust-covered, looked out into the dark yard. A broken flower-pot stood on a window sill with a stunted bush in it, bearing a single yellow leaf; and in another, was a half-starved shrub endeavoring to keep the life in a drooping flower. On the roof, which abutted on other roofs, and was overlooked by tall buildings, a lean cat was dozing in the sun, as if endeavoring to forget hunger in sleep. Every thing bore the stamp of starvation. The windows too were patched with rags, or pieces of paper; the bricks from ruined chimneys had toppled down, and were lying in masses on the roof; there were great, gaping seams between the boards, showing the plaster within; the door had sagged away, and the shutters of more than one window hung by a single hinge. On the door-steps a child was sleeping, and from a narrow window a thin face peeped cautiously out, wondering what a stranger could want in that dreary quarter.

The sheriff's deputy, however, was familiar with the ground. He was in the habit of fishing in troubled waters; and it was not the first time that he had drawn from this very place food for the gaol.

Without asking a question, he quietly stepped over the sleeping child, and stooping as he entered, to prevent his hat coming in contact with the top of the low door-way, he ascended a crooked staircase, carefully picking his way; grumbling at its inconvenient formation, and indulging a few mental anathemas against old houses in general. At the head of the stairs a door was ajar; and without knocking, he pushed it open, entered, and shut it; standing ready to place his back against it, in case he should observe any indication of an attempt on the part of the occupant to escape. This precaution, however, was unnecessary; for the only person there was a man of about forty, with a stern, resolute face, a sharp, gray eye, and strongly built, who was writing at a table, which, with the exception of a bed in a corner, and two chairs, constituted the entire furniture of the room; who merely looked up as his visitor entered, and without removing his eyes from him, said:

'Methinks that common courtesy entitles a man to a knock at his door before his room is entered. Though perhaps,' he added, bitterly, 'the owner of such quarters as these is only entitled to courtesy according to his means.'

To neither of these remarks did Mr. Chicken make any reply; but gradually sidling up to the speaker, until he came within arm's length, he tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

'I arrest you, Sir. It's a very onpleasant duty; but it *is* a duty, and must be did. Here's the writ.'

The man eyed him for a moment; apparently meditating what course to pursue; while Mr. Chicken grasped the head of the dog on his cane, and assumed an air of desperate determination. At last the man took the paper from his hand, and read it through, without moving or speaking, although his face became somewhat flushed, as he read. Then he merely uttered the words, 'Michael Rust!'

'He's the plaintiff,' said Mr. Chicken, 'and you are the defendant, Enoch Grosket. It's onpleasant, Sir, quite onpleasant; but I'm a deputy-sheriff, Sir; and you're a defendant; and here's the writ; and duty must be did. That's the long and short of it.'

'So this is the end of the game,' said Grosket to himself; 'this is the reward of five years of servitude, the most vile and degraded that ever bound man to his fellow man. A noble harvest have I reaped, for seed that I have sown! — a glorious close to my labors! But it is what I might have looked for. Ah! Michael Rust! well have you carried out your schemes! — a pleasant part have you played in my family! You have sent child and wife both to their graves; the one dishonored, the other broken-hearted; and now, a prison for the father. Be it so, Michael Rust; but the game is not yours yet. If you win it, it must be at the cost of a struggle, which will rack all your sinews. I do not understand this claim,' said he, in a musing tone; 'three thousand dollars?' I owe *him* nothing. What can it be? 'Edward Kornicker, attorney.' Who's *he*?' he asked, raising his eyes from the paper to those of Mr. Chicken. 'I never heard of him.'

Mr. Chicken drew down the corners of his mouth, and smiled; at the same time saying, that Mr. Kornicker was a young man of some merit, but rather wild — a *little* wild.

Having said this, he took a seat in the vacant chair, and placed his hat on the table; at the same time telling Mr. Grosket that he did not wish to hurry him, but that if he had any bail to offer, he would go with him in search of it. If he had n't, he would be under the less pleasant necessity of escorting him to gaol; and in either case, that he, the said Mr. Chicken, being a public functionary, and much pressed by business, would take it as a personal favor if Mr. Grosket would hasten his movements as much as possible.

Grosket shook his head, despairingly.

'No,' said he; 'the sum is too large — six thousand dollars! I know of no one who will become bail for me in such an amount. Had it come but a day later, one single day later,' said he, clasping his hands tightly together, 'and *he*, not *I* would have been the victim!'

'Well, Sir,' said Mr. Chicken, 'there being no bail, in course there is no alternative. You must go to gaol; rooms small, but well ventilated. You'll find yourself very comfortable there arter a fortnight or so. There *is* folks that quite like the place.'

Grosket made no reply to this comforting remark; but stood with

his hand resting on the table, and his brows knit in deep thought. At last he said, as if coming to some sudden resolution :

‘At least, it’s worth the trial. I am working for *him*, and if I fail I shall be no worse off than I now am. Come,’ said he ; ‘I know a man who I think will become bail for me. If he don’t — if he don’t,’ said he in an under tone. ‘Well, well, I’ll try it.’

‘Who is he?’ inquired Mr. Chicken, cautiously.

‘No matter,’ replied Grosket ; ‘you’ll see presently.’

Mr. Chicken felt far from satisfied with this reply. It had a tincture of evasion about it; and a vague apprehension of receiving no other bail than that cheap and convenient kind, generally known as ‘Leg-bail,’ flitted across his imagination, puzzling him not a little; for Grosket was a brawny fellow, whose thews and sinews were not to be trifled with. Mr. Chicken thought that he was in a crisis; and was beginning seriously to deliberate on the propriety of raising a hue-and-cry on the spot, without waiting for farther indication of a disposition to escape, when the prisoner, apparently observing his perplexity, cut it short, by adding :

‘Don’t be frightened, my old fellow; I’m acting in good faith. If I do n’t get bail, I’ll go with you as quietly as you could wish.’

‘And you are out-and-out in earnest? You mean to get it? No gammon, is there?’

‘I’ll get it if I can: If I can’t, I’m your prisoner. I’ll play you no tricks.’

‘Good!’ ejaculated the deputy-sheriff, quietly pocketing his writ, and placing his hat on his head. ‘I’m your man now; which way do you want to go?’

Grosket named the direction; and in a few moments they were on their way to Jacob Rhoneland’s.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

For a long time Enoch Grosket and the sheriff’s deputy walked on without exchanging a word; but as they proceeded, Grosket’s brow began to darken, his lips were firmly set together, and his pace quickened until his companion could scarcely keep up with him.

‘Come on, Sir,’ said Enoch, abruptly turning to him. ‘Michael Rust is the devil, but he has driven to desperation one whom he has drilled in all his ways; and who has had a hand in all his dark doings for years. Let him look to himself. He may chain the body, but my tongue shall speak. Ah! Michael Rust! Michael Rust! you were never nearer destruction than when you thought me in your power!’

His speed soon increased to such a degree, that although Mr. Chicken had apparently been constituted with an especial eye to rapid locomotion, yet that gentleman’s lower members were kept at their full stretch. Once or twice the deputy suggested to his companion that the day was warm for the season, and that he had been

more active twenty years ago; to both of which remarks Grosket assented, without in the least diminishing his speed; nor did he pause to draw breath until they had reached Rhoneland's house.

'This is the place,' said Grosket. 'If he's wise, he'll not refuse me.'

He knocked at the door, which was opened by Kate. She knew neither of them; and in reply to his question, informed him that her father was at home. Grosket paused for a moment as his eye rested on her bright face; and something like a tear rose in it, as he thought of his own lost child; but he checked the feeling which induced it, and turning, said:

'So you're his daughter?'

'His only child,' replied Kate, anxiously.

'Poor child!' muttered Grosket; 'God help her!'

He muttered this rather to himself than to her; and passed in; but neither his manner nor the words, low as was the tone in which they were spoken, escaped her; and with a heart sinking with apprehension, of she knew not what, for the appearance of any stranger at the house filled her with dread now, she admitted him into the room where her father was.

It was the same poorly-furnished apartment in which the old man was when first introduced to the reader. He occupied the same seat, and sat almost in the same attitude, with his hands clasped over his knees, his chin bowed down on his breast, his dark eyes peering from beneath his shaggy white brows, and apparently watching the crumbling embers in the fire-place. His face was wan and haggard, even beyond its wont; and he had a watchful, suspicious look, which was not natural to him. As the door opened, he started, glanced quickly at the strangers, then at his daughter, as if she and they were in some manner associated in his mind.

'Do n't go, Kate! do n't go! I want you here,' said he, in a quick, anxious tone, seeing that she was closing the door without entering; 'do n't go, my child. Our business is no secret.'

As he said this, he cast an inquiring look at the two, to ascertain that he was correct, and pointed with a hesitating finger to a chair.

Mr. Chicken bowed gratefully, took it immediately, removed his hat, placed his cane between his knees, ran his fingers through his hair, and looked up at the ceiling, after the manner of persons who are occasionally present at interviews in which they have no concern, and in which they have no intention of meddling.

Grosket, however, stood where he was, with his hat on, looking steadily in the agitated face of the old man. At last he said:

'So you do n't know me?'

Rhoneland eyed him for a long time; at last he shook his head.

'Yet you *ought* to,' said Grosket, in the same tone. 'Look at me again.'

Again the old man bent his eyes upon his face, and studied his features; and certainly they were not of a character to be easily forgotten; but again he was at fault; he did not know him.

'It's strange!' muttered the other; 'a friend is often forgotten, but an enemy rarely. My name is Grosket— Enoch Grosket.'

A bright flush passed over the old man's face, as he heard the name, and he half rose from his chair. 'Yes, yes,' said he, quickly; 'I know now; the friend of Michael Rust. Kate,' said he, suddenly turning to the girl, who was leaning over his chair; 'you can go—go, Kate; leave the room, my child. This is only a friend of Mr. Rust's.'

'It's scarcely worth while,' said Grosket, 'for what I have to say of Rust will soon be spoken in the open day; ay, in his teeth will I fling my charges; before the whole world will I make them; I will brand him with a mark that he will carry to his grave! No, no, Jacob Rhoneland. I'm *not* a friend of Michael Rust, and he'll find it so. I've too many wrongs to settle with him, for that.'

'Not a friend of his!' ejaculated Rhoneland; 'then what brings you *here*? Don't you know that I am his friend?—an old friend? He calls me his best friend.'

Grosket's lip curled, as he answered:

'*That* friendship has lasted too long for the good of one of you. I need not mention who that one is. I am come to end it. He was my friend once. God save me from another like him! God! how he loved me!' said he, setting his teeth; 'and in return,' added he, in a cold tone, 'don't I love him now? Such a love! Give me but life and liberty, life and liberty,' said he, dropping his assumed tone, and breaking out in a burst of fierce vehemence, 'and by every hope that man can have, I swear to crush him; to grind him to the earth, body and soul; to blight him as he has blighted others; and as far as man can do so, to thwart every scheme, wither every hope, and to make him drag out his life, a vile, spurned, detested object, hated by man, driven from the pale of society, with every transgression stamped upon him, and beyond redemption in this world! What his prospects may be hereafter, none can tell but Him.' He raised his hat reverently as he spoke, and his tone from high excitement, calmed into deep solemnity.

'My errand here,' said he, turning to Rhoneland, is simple; my story a short one. I was Michael Rust's friend—his tool, if you will. Through his agency I am a beggar, and my wife and child are in their graves. This did not satisfy him. I am now arrested at his suit for a debt of three thousand dollars, of which I know nothing. I cannot pay it. I have not that sum in the world; but I cannot go to prison. It would frustrate all my views. I must be at large to work. Let me have but a month of freedom, and Michael Rust will be glad to exonerate me from all claims, and to beg me on his knees to stand his friend. I am come to ask you to be my bail. The sum is six thousand dollars.'

'Me! *me*!' exclaimed Rhoneland; 'ME your bail! and against Michael Rust!—my friend Rust! Oh, no; never, never!'

'It's more for your interest than mine,' replied Grosket, calmly. 'If you do not, you'll repent it.'

Rhoneland twisted his fingers one in the other, and looked irreso-

lutely at his daughter, and at the deputy, and then at Grosket, as if seeking counsel in their faces. At last he said, in a querulous tone:

'You're a stranger to me. I don't know you. Why do you speak in riddles? Why do you come here to harass a broken-down old man? What do you mean?'

'I mean *this*,' replied Grosket: 'Michael Rust is your friend because you *dare* not be his enemy. You *love* him because you dare not *hate* him. You pray night and day to be rid of him. You would think it the brightest day in your life when, all connection between you dissolved, he left your door to darken it no more. He has a hold on your fears, with which he sways you to his will, and which he will make the means of ruin to you, and of wretchedness to those dearer to you than yourself. I speak of *her*,' said he, seeing the old man looking timidly up in the face of Kate, who still hung over his chair, pale as death, but listening to every word. 'I know his secrets, his crimes, the tools with which he works; the very falsehood which he has fabricated against you, which you cannot disprove, but which *I* can.'

'Falsehoods!' ejaculated Rhoneland.

'Yes, falsehoods. The time is come when, even with you, he must stand revealed in his true character.'

He stepped close to Rhoneland and whispered a few words in his ear. The old man sank back in his chair, as if seized with sudden faintness; his jaw relaxed, and his eyes half started from his head. His prostration lasted but for a moment. The next instant he started up, made a step toward Grosket, and grasped his hand in both of his. 'Can you save me? can you save me?' gasped he; 'Oh! do—*do*, for God's sake!'

'I can,' replied Grosket.

'And her, *her*? my own child?' exclaimed he, pointing to his daughter.

'So help me God, I think I can!' said Grosket, earnestly; but to do so, I must be free; free only for one month. At the end of that time, if I fail, the gaol may have its prey. Get me that delay, and I have no fears for the rest.'

'Here's the document,' said Mr. Chicken, emerging from a profound revery, at the very moment that it was most requisite that his wits should be present, and producing a paper. 'I'll fill it up; you can sign it to once-t, and acknowledge it arterward.'

Rhoneland had reached out his hand to take the paper, but suddenly he hesitated and drew it back.

'Must *he* know this?' inquired he. 'Is there no way in which it can be kept from *him*?'

Grosket looked at the deputy, who looked at the wall, and said that he 'did n't know as it could be perwented, convenient.'

'Then you must choose between us,' said Grosket, coldly; 'I have said enough to satisfy you that I have the same power over you that Rust has, did I but choose to exert it. In suffering me to go to prison you are permitting him to fetter the only person who

can defeat his schemes, who can free you from his control, and prevent your child from being — Mrs. Rust.'

'I'd die first! I'd die first!' exclaimed the old man, frantically. 'Me he might do with as he pleased, but he shall not harm *you*, Kate. I'll do it, I'll do it, for *your* sake, my child!' said he, turning to her, and clasping her convulsively to him. 'Come what may, I'll do it. Come, Sir; I'm ready,' said he. 'I'll go at once. Lose no time, not a minute. Why do you wait?' said he, impatiently.

Without heeding him, Grosket went up to Kate, and took her hand respectfully: 'Trust me, no harm will come of this to him. At all events, none compared with what would have befallen both of you, had Michael Rust succeeded in his plans. If ever there was a man in this world in whom the devil seems to live and move, it is Michael Rust. His sagacity and shrewdness have hitherto given him success; and hitherto he has laughed at law, and baffled detection; but his race is nearly run. He or I must fall; and of this one thing I am certain, *I* shall not. Now, Sir,' said he, turning to Rhoneland, 'we'll go. But I'm puzzled where to look for another bail.'

'I shan't be perticklar about that,' said Mr. Chicken, quietly; 'I know something about Jacob Rhoneland, and he's good enough for me. We'll get this acknowledged, and then you may go.'

Rhoneland went to the door, and opening it, led the way into the street.

Many important events in life balance upon the doings of a moment; and had Rhoneland lingered but five minutes longer he would never have linked himself to Grosket; for not that time had elapsed after their departure, when the door of the room where Kate was still sitting alone was thrown open, and Michael Rust entered. His look was eager, and his usually slow, shuffling step was rapid.

'Where's Jacob?' said he, looking round.

'He's gone out,' replied Kate, coldly.

'Gone out!' repeated he; and then suddenly changing his manner, he said: 'Well, I wanted him; but he has left you in his place. It was kind in him. He knew that I was coming, Kate; that I doted on you; that there was nothing I loved like a little chat with you, and he could n't have the heart to disappoint me; so he let you remain. Ah! Kate! troubles are thickening upon me. Do n't you sympathize with me, Kate? I *know* you do. I'm *sure* you do. You're a noble girl!'

As he spoke, he advanced and took her hand. Kate drew it from him with an air of marked coldness; but not at all discouraged, he said:

'The sweetest hour of my life is when I steal away to sit by your side, Kate; to gaze in your face, and watch your eye as it peeps from under its long lashes, and the smile of your pouting, cherry lip. Ah! Kate!'

'Mr. Rust, this is really very unpleasant,' said Kate, with some

anger in her manner. 'As my father's friend, you are welcome to this house. As his friend, also, you should not forget what is due to his daughter, and should refrain from a style of conversation which cannot but be offensive.'

'How sweetly she speaks!' continued Rust, in his old strain; 'how charmingly she looks when excited! Ah! Kate, you're a little devil; you've made sad havoc here!' said he, placing his hand on his heart — 'sad havoc!'

'Mr. Rust,' returned Kate, angrily, 'unless you end this conversation, either you or I must leave the room.'

'Well, well, I don't believe you're in earnest, Kate; on my soul I don't; but I will drop it; but one favor—grant me only one favor. It's not a great one. I know you'll grant it, you're such an angel.'

Kate looked at him without speaking, and he went on:

'One kiss, Kate; one single, sweet kiss from my own dear darling, to comfort me amid my misfortunes!'

Kate Rhoneland started up, her eyes flashing fire. 'Leave this house, Sir!'

'Ho! ho! how sweetly she orders!' exclaimed Rust, advancing toward her; 'how bright her eyes are! how the rich color plays along her cheek! how beautiful my own Kate is! 'Leave this house,' indeed! The thing's impossible, with such a charmer within it. Come, Kate; one kiss—*only* one; I'll tell no one, not even Ned. Upon my soul, I won't tell Ned.'

Kate made an attempt to spring past him, but he caught her by her dress, drew her to him, threw his arms about her waist, and pressed his lips to hers.

It was a dear kiss to him; for while she was struggling in his grasp, the door opened, a heavy blow lighted on his head, and he fell like a stone on the floor.

'If he's dead, be it so!' said a stern voice. But it was not so.

For a moment he lay like one who had seen his last sun; then he staggered up, pressed his hands to his temples, looked about him with a bewildered air, until his eyes encountered those of Jacob Rhoneland, bright with passion, and his whole frame quivering with rage. Gradually Rust's faculties began to rally, until he and Rhoneland stood gazing face to face.

'So it was *you*, was it, good Jacob?' said he, moving to the door. 'Thank you, my kind friend; I'll not forget you! Farewell, good Jacob. To your dying day you shall have cause to remember that you struck Michael Rust.' He bowed profoundly to them, shut the door, and went out.

EPIGRAM: FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.

THOU gazest on the stars, my Star,
And would I were the sky,
To view thy lovely face afar
With many a burning eye!

W. E. M.

THE PRINTER.

'The printer, in his folio, heraldeth the world.' Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shipwrecks, piracies, sea-fights, law-suits, pleas, proclamations, embassies, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as in a new-shifted scene, treasons, cheating-tricks, robberies, enormous villanies in all kinds, funerals, burials, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new offices created, to-morrow of great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another prisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turneth bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, and so forth. Thus do we daily hear such like, both public and private news.'

OLD BOSTON.

He stood there alone at that shadowy hour,
By the swinging lamp dimly burning;
All silent within, save the ticking type,
All without, save the night-watch turning;
And heavily echoed the solemn sound,
As slowly he paced o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the mansions so lately that shone,
With the joy of festivity gleaming,
And hearts that were beating in sympathy then,
Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;
Yet the PRINTER still worked at his lonely post,
As slowly he gathered his mighty host.

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in down,
And building bright hopes for the morrow,
Nor dreamed he that Fate was then waving a wand
That would bring to him fear and sorrow;
Yet the PRINTER was there in his shadowy room,
And he set in his frame-work that rich man's doom!

The young wife was sleeping, whom lately had bound
The ties that death only can sever;
And dreaming she started, yet woke with a smile,
For she thought they were parted for ever!
But the PRINTER was clicking the types that would tell
On the morrow *the truth* of that midnight spell!

And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow
And restless, the pillow was pressing,
For he felt through the shadowy mist of his dream
His loftiest hopes now possessing;
Yet the PRINTER worked on, mid silence and gloom,
And dug for Ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly that workman went gathering up
His budget of grief and of gladness;
A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,
For the happy, a full cup of sadness;
Strange stories of wonder, to enchant the ear,
And dark ones of terror, to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host shall bear
To palace and cot on the morrow;
Oh welcome, thrice welcome, to many a heart!
To many a bearer of sorrow;
It shall go like the wild and wandering air,
For life and its changes are impressed there.

Boston, August, 1843.

MODUS.

C À E T L À .

BY THE FLÂNEUR.

WHAT was Mr. Liner's plan? We will give it shortly, and hurry to a conclusion. He packed up his daughter and despatched her to Boston by Harnden's Express, in the month of September, carefully directed to a maternal uncle who resided there. With her went a letter explaining his peculiar situation. How Mrs. Liner and himself were afraid that their daughter, although now a '*dame charmante de vingt six ans moins un mois,*' might become a middle-aged, ay, a very middle-aged single lady; how all her friends had married about her, even to Frederica Frizzle, who, like the Colossus of Rhodes, was very tall and very brazen; how Shufflesbanks had loved and died, leaving no sign; how the young man from Tobolsk had offered himself and been refused, and how the *sparks* no longer *flew up* when she appeared. That, in short, he despaired of settling her at home, although she was rich; as the New-Yorkers have an invincible aversion to any thing that has been long on hand; and Catharine, though certainly not *passée* was as certainly *passante*. He therefore requested the uncle to introduce her in Boston as a widow; the relict of a rich planter who died in New-Orleans of the yellow fever, leaving his wife the fee simple of all his slaves and half-breeds. To which the uncle willingly consented, as he was promised a handsome percentage if he succeeded; and Catharine herself was nothing loth, for she yearned to get married; and deceit, as we will prove one of these days, is the ground-work of the female character.

So Miss Liner was shipped; as old fashioned goods often are, in newer boxes. The bill of lading was marked thus:



Mr. Liner was confident that she would arrive safe, as her case was the very antipodes of the vinous accident alluded to in scripture.

Here ends the authentic history of Miss Liner. All else is either fabulous or deeply tinged with mythology. But it is at least certain that her widowhood allowed her to be so much more lively and fascinating, and explained so satisfactorily why she was single at her age; and her fortune came in so strongly and opportunely to urge on admirers, that in less than a month she was engaged, and

in less than two, married. Our uncle pocketed his commission and kept his secret.

After Catharine Julia had left New-York on her marital journey, a small closely-written sheet of paper was found in her room, which was evidently intended for publication. She said in a short preface that she took the idea from Shufflesnanks, and that after his death, in her pensive moments, when

. . . 'oft at even as she sat
In a little summer-house in the garden without a hat,'

her experience of society shaped itself into the following rules, which she resolved to leave as a legacy to the beau sexe of the beau monde, among whom she had so long been conspicuous:

‘RULES FOR BECOMING A PERFECT ZAZA.

‘The accomplished belle, flowered, flounced, fanning, figuring, flirting, flinging herself in all directions with the timidity of the gazelle, and its endurance, approaches to the grand ideal of belles; the peerless *Zaza*.

‘Zazas are like Pachas of one, two, or three tails; (no double entendre meant.) A *Zaza* of one tail has one or two regular beaux; one of two tails has five or six; one of three tails has as many as she pleases. This is the summit of *Zazaism*. A *demoiselle* with no beaux is a nobody; (*nobeaudy*;) a poor creature; something quite despicable.

‘RULE I. When about to seat yourself, pull your dress strongly on both sides to prevent its wrinkling; then subside. Consequently, upon rising, the dress must be raised again with the left hand, and three or four slaps given on each side, to complete the circle. The gesture of smoothing the front hair with the flat of the hand may be tolerated — in the darkest closet of a house with stone walls, or in the centre of the great desert of Sahara when no caravan is in sight.

‘RULE II. You should always endeavor to be sportive. The lambkin and the very young cat style take well, and are quite *Zaza*. A frisk just tinged with the *souppçon* of a tremble is a very beautiful display.

‘RULE III. If you perceive a friend arriving, and go to meet her across a large room, always proceed with three skips on the points of your toes, then two quick steps, then three more skips, and so on alternately. Take care that your face does not express more anxiety for the success of your *pas seul* than joy at greeting your friend. When you attain your *très cherè*, groan *Zaza*, seize her hand and kiss her twice. This is a simple and effective meeting. The *coup d’œil* is excellent when both young ladies are of the *Zaza* school. The three-skip gait is admirably adapted to entering a room unexpectedly; where there is a gentleman, or in leaving one at home tolerably full of company, when called out by a servant. It is invaluable at pic-nics.

'RULE IV. Walk into a drawing-room behind your mamma. You appear timid and retiring, and she acts as a standard-bearer, announces your arrival, and people are better prepared to stare.

'RULE V. Encourage only beaux who can add to your power by making you a great *Zaza*; such as great waltzers, singers; men who are rich, and who seem to be attentive '*pour le bon motif*,' must of course be fed upon faint hopes.

'RULE VI. When sitting in a drawing-room, always cross your arms about your waist; each hand covering the small ribs on the opposite side, as if, like the gallant old soldier in Pelham, you wanted your hands to guard your heart. It is no objection to this style that it is always adopted by awkward *cantatrices* on the stage — and off.

'RULE VII. It is well for a *Zaza*, if she lives in a fashionable street, to read or embroider in a conspicuous window, which she may call her *beau-window*.

'RULE VIII. In talking, do not make your lips and head go faster than your tongue. The *Zaza* is languid and shakes her head slowly, looking all the while intently and impressively at the person whom she is entertaining with ——— if he be a foreigner, a fortune, or a Coryphæus.

'RULE IX. In drinking tea, coffee, or lemonade, hold the cup with the thumb and the fore and middle fingers, and allow the others to point rigidly into the air, at as great a distance as possible from the three first enumerated.

'RULE X. In playing or singing, timidity and tremors are quite out of date. The *Zaza* glides up to the instrument as if she had graduated at the Conservatoire, and sung three years at the Académie Royale. The only expression of face allowable is the smile of conscious power; such a smile as Jupiter's phiz might wear when contemplating the feeble struggles of sublunarians. On earth this smile may be often seen in female rope-dancers.

'RULE XI. If a person asks to be presented, the *Zaza* 'really don't know;' she 'has so many acquaintances;' *languidissimo*.

'RULE XII. If a *Zaza* of three tails, always dance at the head of a cotillon and lead off the waltz.

'RULE XIII. When a bad or an uncertain waltzer requests the honor, the *Zaza* is always engaged; but she may hint to a Shuffle-shanks to beg for a turn, or even ask him outright. This has often been successfully practised by *Zazas* of two tails.

'RULE XIV. If you have received a bouquet from an anonymous admirer, or from your father, thank the most fashionable man, or the *Great Catch*, or both; and loud enough to be overheard. You believe not one word of their protestations, of course, and set it down to modesty.

'RULE XV. When two *Zazas*, accompanied by their respective cavaliers, meet in the ball-room, they should always stop for a

moment, interchange a few dulcet words, tell each other 'how sweetly pretty you look to-night,' and present for a moment a lovely picture of child-like simplicity and utter guilelessness—to the respective cavaliers and observers in general.

HERE the ms. ends abruptly.

THE DYING STUDENT.

I.

LET him look out upon Earth's fair domain,
And feast his spirit mid its time-worn hills,
Feeling the fresh blood flow through every vein
As the new sight his weary bosom thrills:
Oh! let him gaze beyond that shoreless sea,
Whither his spirit fain would take its flight,
To wander in those far-off depths, and be
Where the pure sky hath hung her robe of light.

II.

Oh! let him gaze upon Earth's jewelled sky,
And breathe Spring's earliest, sweetest breath again;
And once more follow with a ravished eye
Faces and forms of loved ones, loved in vain!
To catch the inspiring sound of Music's voice,
To hear the solemn chant of Ocean's roar;
To linger at the threshold of his joys,
And feel Earth's sunshine on his head once more.

III.

Life's solemn lights are dimly burning now,
And feeble shadows o'er his vision fall;
Still, one brief hour is his, and in its flow
Moments are years, and in those years his all!
Rouse him from death, without one brief delay,
And call his spirit back from Time's dark tide;
He lingers yet, as on the verge of day,
And Hope and Heaven his heart's pure home divide.

IV.

His spirit freshens at the glorious sight,
And far away his eager eyes are turning,
To those bright paths in yonder sky of light,
Where Heaven's imperial stars are brightly burning.
Back flows the life-blood to his swelling heart,
And thence again with impulse free and strong;
Old memories gather round him and depart,
Phalanx to phalanx joined, and throng to throng!

V.

Dim grow the visions that o'erreach his brain,
And shadowy forms seem floating in his eye;
Tears fall around him, as the soul's bright rain,
Poured from the heart for one too young to die.
Stars are now hovering o'er the brink of day,
And sun-light fingers on each tower and hill;
But prayer hath passed from silent lips away,
The heart hath shed its sorrow—and is still!

New-York, August, 1843.

EDMUND BREWSTER GREEN.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

DONNA FLORIDA: A TALE. By the Author of 'Atlantis,' 'Southern Passages and Pictures,' etc.
Charleston: BURGESS AND JAMES.

'THE poem,' says the author of this miniature pamphlet-volume, 'of which the four first cantos (he means the *first four*, no doubt) are here submitted to the reader, was chiefly the work of the writer's youth.' He does not claim, however, that this fact forms any sufficient excuse for giving it to the public at this late day; but offers rather the natural tenacity 'with which the mind treasures up, and seeks to preserve, the performances which revive its early associations.' We have run through these cantos with some attention. The story does not strike us as possessing either great originality or interest. The verse itself is after the model of 'Don Juan,' then recently published, and rife in the literary world; but like the thousand-and-one imitations which we have encountered of that most facile and felicitous composition, its 'laborious ease' cannot be concealed. With BYRON, the play of fancy and of words was equally unconstrained, in this species of versification; but all his imitators have evidently been stretched upon Procrustean beds; and with all the seeming *abandon* of their manner, and the smirk of their 'varnished faces,' it has yet been but too evident that their situation was any thing but comfortable. In 'Donna Florida' however there is a good degree of cleverness. There are many thoughts interspersed throughout its cantos which the reader will encounter with surprise and remember with pleasure. Nevertheless we are compelled to say, that where the stanzas are most original, they are the least to our liking. We enter our protest against the writer's frequent habit of saying a plain thing in an involved, roundabout way, as well as against numerous words and similes which he employs. 'You can call a hat,' says Mr. YELLOWFLUSH, a 'glossy four-and-nine' or a 'swart sombrero;' but in the long run praps it's as well to call it *a hat*. It *is* a hat; and where's the use o' mystifying?' Would it not, for example, be 'as well' also, and quite as natural, to write 'half of the rest,' as 'the subdivision of the remaining moiety?' Or in saying that old jokes were laughed at, to express it in less magniloquent phrase than

'Old jokes found revived expansion?'

Where does Mr. SIMMS find authority for such a word as '*voicing*?'—'the voicings of a bird?' In any dictionary of the English language? Guess not! As little do we admire the simile which makes a lady's eye the 'polar light in love's astrology,' or which represents it as

— 'peering beneath her forehead like a star,
Bestowing a sweet glory on the sky.'

All these are 'affectations, look you;' and are in our judgment even worse sins against
VOL. XXII. 34

taste (to say nothing of truth) than the occasional instances of an opposite tendency which might be pointed out; such as 'the beast enjoying his *grunt and sty*;' or the coy damsel, of whom the writer says:

'One moment grows she most abruptly willing,
The next, she *slaps the chaps that think of billing!*'

We should not have felt ourselves justified in passing unnoticed the defects which we have indicated; the more that the following stanzas evince the ability of the writer, when he gives to natural thoughts their natural expression, to avoid these and kindred errors:

'GLANCING my vision o'er the world's affairs,
Surveying this and that, of strange and common,
Its double singles and divided pairs,
Its human brutes and brutes that might be human,
All vexing life with sad and fruitless cares,
Yet all made agents of that creature, woman;
I've come to this conclusion: that 't were better
If we poor bachelors had never met her.

'Better we had not seen and could not fancy
So sad and strange conception; could not want
Her presence, nor beneath her necromancy
Feel the torn bosom and vex'd pulses pant,
With dreams and hopes that not a step advance ye
To health or happiness, but rather daunt,
At each impassion'd move, the weary spirit,
That sees the joy receding as we near it.

'Better in single blessedness had Adam,
Stout father-farmer, in his garden trod;
Unvexed by daily strife with maid or madam,
And free to eat his fruit and meet his God:
I'm sure his fate had not been half so sad — am
Certain he had not then been thrust abroad
With breeches made of fig-leaves, quickly rended,
More quickly than his wife could get them mended.

'Have you not seen her in the public way,
Snare-setting? In the ball-room marked her eyes,
Pursuing, like a very snake's, her prey?
And vainly would he dodge them, and be wise!
In flight alone is safety. Do you stray
Beside her, when the moon is in the skies?
Or by the brooklet, or along the sea,
Or in the garden, parlor, buttery??

'Do you stray beside her in the — *buttery!*' Does not this word 'buttery' seem *impressed* for the sake of oddity and the rhyme? To our apprehension and ear it is objectionable, alike in truth and in sound; scarcely less so, indeed, than the close of the annexed lines, which require no comment. DON PONCE, a Spanish knight,

'Had passed his days in *stupor most sublime*,
His nights in deep allegiance to his pillow;
Untroubled by the crown, the church-bell's chime,
Sleep, garlic, wine, and oil, a *constant fill o'!*'

In prose as well as in verse Mr. SIMMS, by common consent of his critics, falls in the humorous. It is not his rôle. How much more creditable, even than the foregoing, are the subjoined stanzas, illustrating the fact that it is mental and not physical suffering which constitutes the pain of death; the 'parting from those who loved and love us:'

'THIS is the mental death — the agony
Beyond all pain of limb, all fever smart,
All racking of the joints: this is to die;
Sad burial of the hope that lit the heart;
Love mourning, doomed affections lingering by,
Muttering the words of death: 'We part, we part!
Ah! what the trial, where the pangs, the fears,
To equal this sad source of thousand tears?

'And when the lamp of life upon a verge
 Unseated as a vision, sinks at last;
 And when the spirit launches on the surge
 Of that dark, drear, unfathomable vast
 We call eternity, its latest dirge
 Bemoans not pangs, still pressing, not o'erpast,
 But that all natural things, forms, stars, and skies,
 And the more loved than all, are fading from its eyes.

'Thus still beloved, though all relentless fair,
 I part from thee and perish. Never more
 Shall I win sweetness from the desolate air,
 Or find a fragrant freshness in the shore;
 The sea that images my deep despair
 Hath still a kindred language in its roar,
 And in the clouds that gather on our lee
 A mournful likeness to my soul I see.

'The sense of life grows dim; the glories pass,
 Like those of melting rainbows from my sight;
 Dark aspects rise as in the wizard's glass,
 Reflect my inner soul, and tell of night;
 Glooms gather on my vision, in a mass,
 And all my thoughts, beheld in their dread light,
 Rise like unbidden spectres; rise to rave
 Above the heart, which soon may be their grave.'

The purpose of the author to preserve this youthful effort of his muse from oblivion, by giving it in a printed form to the public, will not, we may believe, be subverted; for although portions of it are undeniably clever, yet as a whole it lacks the elements of life; a fact, indeed, of which the writer himself seems sufficiently aware, if we interpret aright the long introduction with which he has deemed it necessary to preface a short poem. The little volume, which is very neatly executed, is dedicated to one who is himself well qualified to appreciate, and on occasion to produce, good poetry — JAMES LAWSON, Esq., of this city.

CHANGE FOR THE AMERICAN NOTES: in Letters from London to New-York. By an American Lady. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

'Who jeers the Tartar, must beware of his dirk!' is a lesson which this well-tempered book will teach certain of our neighbors on the other side of the great water; for it contains stabs at national abuses and local follies, which 'pierce to the hilt;' and we are not sorry that at this moment, throughout the Union, this exposition of them as well as of the time-honored game of '*tit-for-tat*,' has been as widely perused as the work which prompted it — the '*American Notes*' of Mr. DICKENS. This fact, we need not add, will prevent us from entering upon a detailed review of a work already so current, at the low price of one shilling. We shall only ask such of our readers as are at all sensitive in relation to the slurs upon our country and its institutions which may from time to time reach us from abroad, to bear in mind the ignorance in which they have their origin. 'One ought to have,' says our countrywoman, 'a temper as imperturbable as FRANKLIN'S, to hear patiently the absurd remarks made in England upon the United States. Here are hundreds of thousands, with ample means and leisure, whose reading is confined to certain portions of certain newspapers; yet one of this class will deliver his judgment upon America in a manner which shows his belief that what he says is decisive. There is, there should be, no appeal. He has spoken. Englishmen have a vague notion about America, and Indians, and General WASHINGTON, and there being neither king nor lords, and the storming of Quebec, and the burning of the Caroline, and the loss of the President! But as to the vast resources of our country; the nature of her laws and institutions; of her cities rising amid primeval forests; of the capabilities of her rivers and bays; of the love of freedom in her children, which love, men say, is the parent of all the best virtues that can adorn a state; of these things they know

nothing. Talk to one of these persons about the cotton grown in the Southern States, and he will immediately speak of Manchester, where he has a cousin, a manufacturer, worth a hundred thousand pounds; mention one of those matchless prairies in the Far West (a noble sight, though Boz *was* disappointed,) and my gentleman, as soon as he is made to understand what a prairie is, turns the conversation to Salisbury Plain, or the moors of Scotland! These gentry generally are, or have been, connected with commercial pursuits, and plume themselves upon being, not reading, but *practical* men. I admit they are impartial in their ignorance, knowing as little of the past history of their own country as of the present state of ours.' . . . 'The English view America in such a *petty* spirit! They judge of it in the spirit that prompts their judgment in their own small matters; their clubs, or parishes, or corporations. They cannot conceive a nation without a titled and privileged aristocracy. What is not subserviency they consider anarchy; and then a country without a regular standing army! How can justice be administered by wigless judges? What but barbarism can exist, where poor men object to wear liveries! Then comes a summing up of American enormities: they sit in a manner the English do not; consequently the American way must be wrong. Vast distance, different customs and institutions, have caused a diversity of language, therefore the American language must be low; the Americans grow and use tobacco, and the necessary consequences are attributed to them as a national dishonor! How comes it that the French and other travellers do not dwell upon these things, but pass them over as matters of little moment? Is it jealousy, or ignorance, or littleness, on the part of the British?' It is all three; but America will be looked upon with far different eyes by and by; and in the meantime she is living down the slurs, slanders, and satires of her traducers, (which this little volume will teach us still more to disregard) every day. We have but one fault to find with the 'Change for the American Notes.' There is too much *foreign coin* in it. One who can write so well as our author, does not need to force French and Italian into English sentences, to show that she *can* do it, nor to eke out her pages with scraps of verse. Think of a hundred and fifteen little bits of poetry, from a single line upward, in a prose volume of eighty-eight pages!' 'T is 'too much poetry for a shilling!'

HARP OF THE VALE: A COLLECTION OF POEMS BY PAYNE KENTON KILBOURNE. Hartford: CASE, TIFFANY AND BURNHAM.

THIS little volume comes to us recommended by the same neatness of mechanical execution which was displayed in the last edition of the poetical remains of the lamented BRAINARD, published in the same city. We are glad to see in it indications that the native State of that fine genius can still inspire poetic aspirations, and produce poetic minds. The young author of these fugitive pages deserves consideration; in a degree for what he has done, more for what his gifts promise. There are many passages and several entire poems of very considerable merit in the volume. 'The Skeptic,' with which it commences, being of the greatest length and importance, is perhaps also the best. None of the thoughts, however, can claim to be very original; yet they are evidently natural to the writer, and are set forth in flowing and well-measured verse. The opening lines are vigorous, and afford a good indication of the merit of the piece:

'No God!' O impious sophist! then are we
 Cast pilotless upon an unknown sea;
 Gazing all wildly on the void profound,
 Unknowing whence we came or whither bound:
 The forms around us are not what they seem,
 Men are but shadows, life is but a dream;
 And the bright worlds that run their glorious race
 Mere bubbles floating in the realms of space;
 Self-poised they roll, and self-illumed they shine,
 Rise without cause, and sink without design!

Launched on the flood, we trim our fated bark,
 Beneath a sky low, desolate, and dark ;
 No north-star hangs with fixed and steady ray,
 To light the lonely voyager on his way ;
 Homeless and friendless on the billowy tides,
 Tossed by the hurricanes which no one guides,
 Now fired with Hope, now grappling with Despair,
 He sees afar some beacon's transient glare ;
 Pursues it till it fades, then turns in gloom
 To meet his last irrevocable doom.
 What though the solace of his lot may be
 The meteor-dream of Immortality ?
 That spark expired with the expiring breath —
 No morn shall break the iron sleep of DEATH !

'The Maniac Maid' has some effective stanzas. One especially is picturesque and beautiful. The poor girl is represented as lingering around the sea-shore, watching for her lost sailor-lover :

'At eve, when nought is heard
 But the roar of the dashing wave,
 And the voice of the lone sea-bird
 That sings from her coral cave,
 She wanders forth all lonely
 The rocks and sedge among,
 And to the cold sea only
 Pours forth her plaintive song.'

'The Seminoles' is a very creditable production. Some fine lines also touching our native country and that ancient race, are found in 'Thoughts of Home :

'STERN region, I love thee ! Thy woodlands and waters
 Are linked with old legends of battle and love :
 There the wild warriors fought, and the forest's dark daughters
 Told their vows and adored the Great Spirit above.

'Frail wrecks of mortality ! where are they now ?
 Their glory departed long ages ago ;
 And woman's smooth cheek and the warrior's stern brow
 Lie unmarked from the dust of the quiver and bow.

'Ay, I love thee, proud land ! Thou hast eyes that are brighter,
 Made radiant with smiles, by no sorrows o'ercast ;
 Thou hast forms that are fairer and hearts that are lighter,
 Than Romance e'er saw in her dreams of the past.

'Bright home of my dreams ! may I greet thee again !
 In city and country I've mingled with men,
 But they part and they meet with as little emotion
 As the icebergs that float on the desolate ocean.'

The last couplet here is very original and striking. 'Dying Well,' 'The Lost that Come not Back,' and others which arrested our attention, will be read with pleasure ; especially 'Beauty and Fame,' which we regret we have not space to present entire. It will be seen, however, by what we have quoted, that Mr. KILBOURNE has a good share of poetic feeling and capability of expression. He has not lived in the world in vain ; but with an eye, and an ear, and most of all, a heart. Yet several things are wanting, before our young bard can become an effective poet, which doubtless he must needs desire to be. He has more sensibility than taste ; the consequence of which is, that the best passages in his best pieces are marred by the proximity of such as are weak and infelicitous. Then again there is a want throughout the volume of condensation and energy. Mr. KILBOURNE must gird himself to greater terseness and strength : he must chisel and refine with a severer taste and more assiduity, before he can reach the place where doubtless bright anticipations have at times placed him. We beg him, in all due kindness, to remember, that it is easier to jump in thought to such a conclusion than actually to attain it. We conclude with the expression of our hope and trust that his day-dreams in this regard, in common with those of other gifted and rising spirits among us, may not have been altogether idle.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

JEFFREY AND GIFFORD *versus* SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.—An acute and comprehensive mind, an intelligence superior to prejudice, and an undeviating conscientious spirit of rectitude, are among the necessary endowments of true criticism. But how rare has been this combination, even in the examples of those who have been admitted to be the most distinguished critics of their time! Let the whole history of literature furnish the answer; while we direct the reader to an amusing commentary upon this general theme, which we find in the last number of FRAZER's Magazine, under the title of 'JEFFREY and GIFFORD *versus* SHAKSPEARE and MILTON.' 'We have often amused ourselves,' says the writer, 'by imagining how SHAKSPEARE and MILTON would have fared at the hands of these illustrious reviewers had the paramount pair of immortals and the two clever party writers been contemporaries. Let us follow out this curious speculation. To make our suppositions quite plain, we will imagine that the Edinburgh Review existed at the time of SHAKSPEARE; that the disgust which is expressed for the tribunes, or the opposition, and the ministerial contempt of the people, shown forth in 'Coriolanus,' were disagreeable to the Whig party of that day; that SHAKSPEARE's high Tory principles; the admiration which he appears to have felt for kings and princes, and the favor in which he may be fairly supposed to have stood at court; were unpalatable to the Liberals of the day. In such case we may be pretty sure he would have been given over for critical dissection to Mr. JEFFREY, who would probably have chosen the 'Tempest' as the subject of his subacid jocularity. Let us now suppose that the Quarterly Review was established at the Restoration; that MILTON's 'Paradise Lost' had just been published by any bookseller but the MURRAY of those days; that MILTON had been placed, a short time previous (as in fact he was) in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms; that his pamphlets for the liberty of the press, and against the prelates, had enraged the opponents of liberal principles and lovers of high-church politics; and it is easy to conclude that these persons would have infallibly consigned him to the secular arm of Mr. GIFFORD. Both of the worthy gentlemen we have named would, no doubt, have performed their functions to the entire satisfaction of their respective parties; Mr. JEFFREY with the lightness and liveliness which distinguish all he writes; Mr. GIFFORD with his usual strength and acuteness, mingled with his customary allusions to the personal history of the author whom he is reviewing. But the malice prepenze—the intention to murder—would be equally apparent in both cases, though each would have his peculiar method of destroying.' The former editor of the Quarterly would be, like 'Tristan l'Hermite,' flinging his coarse and scurrilous jests upon the unfortunate person about whose neck he was fastening the rope, while his northern rival would rather resemble those eastern mutes who despatch you, with every appearance of respect for your person, with a silken cord.

With this preamble, Mr. JEFFREY is introduced to the reader, in a critique upon 'The Tempest, by WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE: 4to. London: 1612.' After the dissertation upon 'matters and things in general' with which it is customary to open the labored papers of quarterly journals, the reviewer reaches at length the work which he is to criticise, and upon which he pounces 'in manner following, to wit:'

'THE present play forms a sort of connecting link between the ancient mysteries and the modern drama, and, disregarding equally with these venerable monstrosities all rules of probability and taste, merely changes the abstractions into persons as shadowy, and their miracles into marvels altogether as amazing and edifying. In other respects, we are rather inclined to think that Mr. SHAKSPEARE has outdone the native absurdity of the originals.

'The play opens with a conversation among some sailors in a ship sinking at sea, which is quite in the taste of these refined persons; others come in *met*, which is at least as new on the stage as a ship foundering; then a confused noise is heard within:

'We split! we split! farewell my wife and children!
Brother, farewell! we split! we split! we split!'

'The author has here most happily expressed confusion, by not indicating to whom these separate speeches are to be given.

'The next scene is on an enchanted island, where a young lady called Miranda is entreating her father, Prospero, to allay the storm, of which she gives this splendid description:

'The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out.'

Prospero replies:

'Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.'

'To this consolatory piece of intelligence Miranda most singularly answers, 'O wo the day!' and Prospero rejoins, 'No harm; wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.' From all which it would appear that Miranda was crying because nobody had been drowned. Prospero then bids her 'obey, and be attentive.' He relates that, just twelve years before, he was the Duke of Milan, but that his brother had usurped his dignity; and that himself and his daughter, having been put into a 'rotten carcass of a boat,' arrived safely at the island. But this interesting story is by no means so briefly told in the play, and is, moreover, perpetually interrupted in its course, after this fashion:

'Prospero. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio;
I pray thee mark me—thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Miranda. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. Thou attend'st not.
Mir. Good Sir, I do.
Pros. I pray thee mark me, then. Hence, his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear, child?' etc., etc.

But, all this having nothing to do with the storm, Miranda very properly puts the question:

'And now I pray you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm.'

To which Prospero returns the following very clear and intelligible answer:

'Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bounteous fortune,
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I know my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence,
If now I count not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.'

He seems well convinced, however, of the natural effect of this kind of poetry, for he adds:

'Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good heaviness,
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.'

In which opinion all Mr. SHAKSPEARE's readers will readily concur.

We could wish that we had space for the equally interesting and refreshing satire upon 'a spirit called ARIEL,' the dialogue between whom and PROSPERO is turned into ridicule. We must pass on, however, to the assassination of the character of CALIBAN, that wonderful creation of the great bard. Does the reader remember any thing more

thoroughly 'tortured from its sense' by any ancient or modern ARISTARCHUS, than the scene in question here :

'WE are now introduced to a new personage called Caliban, the son of a certain witch, whose services Prospero thus recounteth :

'We cannot miss him ; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ha ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak !'

'It would seem, however, that *fetching in wood* was his principal occupation, for, without asking what his master wanted, he replies :

'There's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say ; there's other business for thee.'

'Yet it turns out that it is none other than this very business on which he was to be employed :

'Pros. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, (thou wert best, etc.)

'Ferdinand, the son of the king of Naples, who had been just 'cooling the air with sighs' for his father, whom he supposed to be drowned, now enters, accompanied by Ariel, *invisible*, who sings a charming song of his own composition, of which we can only afford to give the conclusion :

'Hark ! hark ! Bow-wow ; the watch-dogs bark,
Bow-wow.
Hark ! hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry cock-a-doodle-doo !'

'Ferdinand calls this a 'sweet air !' . . . 'The second act introduces us to the king of Naples and his lords, who have escaped from drowning ; but his majesty, happening to miss his son, is very naturally made to express a strong curiosity to know what kind of fish had eaten him :

'O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal of thee ?'

'After some farther conversation, Mr. S., not knowing what to do with the personages he has brought on the stage, devises the notable expedient of making them all fall suddenly asleep :

'Gonz. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy !
Alon. What ! all so soon asleep ? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find
They are inclined to do so.
Seb. Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it, etc.
Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
Seb. What a strange drowsiness oppresses them !
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.'

'The invention of that author who bethought him of sending his characters off *kneeling* was great, but it was nothing to this. It is evidently a favorite contrivance of the author for terminating a scene, and is here employed in order to introduce Caliban at his everlasting work of *fetching in wood*.

'Enter Caliban *with a bundle of wood*. He sees a sailor :

'CAL. Here comes a spirit of his now to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly.'

'Supposing every body to be as fond of wood as Prospero, he adds :

'I'll show thee the best springs, I'll pluck thee berries ;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.'

'The act ends with this seducing person getting drunk and singing this delicious lay :

'No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch fting at requiting,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.
Ban, ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master. Get a new man.'

'The third act represents Ferdinand at the eternal employment of *fetching in wood*. Then follows a love-scene, which we omit.'

How many petty enemies had the 'myriad-minded SHAKESPEARE,' who would have chuckled over this criticism, had it actually appeared in his day ! What nuts it would have been for that feeble reviler and feebler rival of his, 'one HILL !' The summing up of the reviewer is quite in keeping with the fine fancy and striking acumen displayed

in the detail of his criticism. 'The Tempest,' he says, 'shows us how ridiculous are those rules, to which writers have hitherto subjected themselves, for the purpose, as they fondly imagined, of giving interest to their dramas. It is to be hoped that Mr. SHAKESPEARE'S example will release them, in future, from all obligation to pay any regard to probability in their incidents, or to nature in their characters. It is evidently much more easy to invent a jargon for witches, demons, and spirits, than to deal with human passions and human affections; and it is clearly quite unnecessary to diversify a play with pathetic incidents, when the sleep which has hitherto been confined to the spectators is here transferred to the persons of the drama. Writers need no longer search for lofty subjects, which have been so absurdly deemed requisite to tragedy, when every one can readily find a storm either at sea or on shore. Many improvements will no doubt be made upon the new system, and we may shortly expect to see tragedies upon a fall of snow or a heavy shower of rain. 'The Tempest' fairly entitles Mr. SHAKESPEARE to the honors due to a reformer of our poetry, and if it produces as much profit as some of those plays in which he has praised princes and traduced the people, we shall be convinced that there are other persons beside Lapland conjurors who can make a comfortable living upon contrary winds and wrecked vessels.'

Turn we now to GIFFORD'S review of MILTON'S 'Paradise Lost,' in which the cut-and-slash style of that great critic, which was 'nothing if not personal,' is very faithfully portrayed. It opens as follows:

'A CONSIDERABLE part of this poem, we understand, was written in gaol; and, though the knowledge of such a fact is by no means likely to prejudice us in favor of the author or his work, we can assure our readers that we have come to the examination of *Paradise Lost* without any personal feelings toward Mr. MILTON, though we believe he is the same person who, after canting about liberty, sold his flattery to a tyrant and usurper; that he is the author of various seditious pamphlets, of which we have never read a line, and of a book on divorce, so infamous as to have been deemed by the bench of bishops worthy of being burned by the common hangman. A poem founded on a fact recorded in Scripture by a person notorious for his hatred to the church was of itself sufficiently curious to justify us in taking an early notice of it; but we found it at once so extravagant and so unreadable, that we should not have troubled the public with any account of its demerits, had not the author, in a most affected preface, announced certain new notions about rhyme, and laid claim to the merit of setting an admirable example to the writers of all future epics. The subject of Mr. M.'s poem would appear from the title to be the Fall of Adam; but what will our readers think when we assure them that almost the whole of the poem is made up of the disputes, adventures, battles, and defeats of devils, who make war upon their Creator; a monstrous fiction, founded upon the apocryphal book of Enoch? There is only one book out of the twelve (the ninth) in which there is any thing about the loss of Paradise. Throughout the whole poem the author seems always glad to quit our first parents to get back to the devil, who is by far the most brilliant and interesting character of his pages, and on whose feats, indeed, he reposes with a delight not unworthy of a Manichee. All the lofty enterprises of this amiable personage are related with a feeling of partiality for their hero, which would be amusing were they not told in a singularly involved, obscure, and affected diction. Mr. MILTON'S idiom is generally Hebrew or Greek; but, when he condescends to be familiar, the structure of his sentences is modelled upon the Latin. He never condescends to use a plain term when there is a scientific one, an English word when he can find a foreign one, nor an old word when he can coin a new one. *Dry* with him is *adust*; a *close vest* is a *habit succinct*; *starry* is *stellar*; *flag* is *gonfalon*; *four* is *quaternion*; *powerful* is *plent-potent*; and *mingled* is *interfused*. To tell us that war is at hand, he says that it is *in precinct*; and, to tell us something else, he makes God address this line to the angels, counting, no doubt, upon their power of divining what is quite unintelligible to mere mortals:

'Meanwhile, inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven!'

'A learned angel, who gives Adam the history of the creation, illustrates his meaning by such terms as *quadrate*, *cycle*, and *epicycle*, *centric* and *eccentric*, *nocturnal* and *diurnal*, *rhom*, etc.; and the same personage is so unacquainted with the language of this earth as to form such nouns and adjectives as *hosting*, *battalions*, *aspect*, *solstitial*, *vacuous*, *opacous*, etc.

We have a proper sense of the obligation our language has to Mr. MILTON for these splendid additions; our only fear is that it will *stink* under them. Mr. MILTON was some time at the University, and there, perhaps, became so enamored of the ancients. Had his college residence not been so *abruptly* terminated, perhaps he might have learned that the language of poetry, in order to be delightful, should be intelligible, and that HOMER and VIRGIL never attempted to engraft foreign words upon the languages which were spoken and understood in the age and country in which their immortal poems were written.'

After a querulous consideration of his preface, and an examination of what MILTON calls 'English heroic verse without rhyme,' GIFFORD enters upon the work:

The first book opens with a description of hell, of which the flames give 'no light, but darkness

visible;' and then follows a dialogue between Satan and Beelzebub, on their fall from heaven, in the course of which Satan thus speaks:

'Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering: but of this be sure, to do aught good will never be our task, but ever to do ill our sole delight, as being the contrary to His high will whom we resist. If then His Providence out of our evil seek to bring forth good, our labor must be to prevent that end, and out of good still to find means of evil, which oftentimes may succeed, so as, perhaps, shall grieve him.'

'This speech, though printed in the poem as verse, we have reduced to its proper state of prose for the purpose of exemplifying Mr. MILTON's notions of musical delight,' his 'apt numbers,' and 'the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another.'

'We have next a biographical catalogue of devils, imitated from HOMER's catalogue of ships. How much finer the imitation is than the original may be seen from the following specimen:

'Next, Chernos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Arer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarin; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The dowerly dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
And Eleale to the Asphaltic pool,
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim,' etc.

'Satan now tries to address a speech to his followers, but is seized with a *fit of crying*, which hinders him from proceeding. At last, he succeeds in delivering his harangue, in which he proposes to call an infernal council, and has a palace built for the speakers, though he had just finished addressing his followers to as much purpose in the open space. Mr. MILTON minutely describes the whole operation of 'scumming the bullion dross' to adorn the edifice, and kindly informs us that the pillars were of the Doric order. The higher orders of devils get into the hall 'in their own dimensions like themselves,' but the poor devils are obliged to reduce themselves 'to smaller shapes,' in order to find room. With this clumsy contrivance the first book closes: and the second contains a report of the debate.

'War is declared, and the council breaks up. Some of the devils amuse themselves with horse-races, others sing songs, with a harp accompaniment.

'Satan then goes to find out this world, and, after passing 'many a fiery Alp,' arrives at the gates of hell, where he encounters Sin and Death, about whom there is a most disgusting allegory.

The third book shows us Satan flying between earth and heaven, and God the Father is represented as pointing him out to His Son. A long dialogue, in the taste of the dullest Puritanical eloquence, ensues on the causes and consequences of the fall of man; towards the end of which Satan, having safely arrived at the sun, in the disguise of an inferior angel, requests the Archangel Uriel to direct him to the new-created world. The archangel, with the utmost politeness, shows him the way to the earth, just as any mortal might direct another to a new street, which Satan very properly acknowledges with a low bow. Then we have a history of Adam and Eve, and their embraces, which we dare not quote. The happiest circumstance, however, in the situation of our first parents, appears, in the opinion of Mr. MILTON, to have been their nakedness; for they

'Eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,' etc.

'In the mean time, Uriel, 'the sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven,' is convinced that Satan has deceived him; he accordingly warns Gabriel, 'chief of the angelic guards,' who immediately orders half a company to 'draw off,' and search for the intruder. They find him in the captivating disguise of a toad at the ear of Eve; but he springs up at their approach, 'as when the smutty grain, with sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;' which means, being interpreted, like a spark of gunpowder. He is then brought before Gabriel, who calls him a spy, a liar, a hypocrite, and various other polite names. Satan only replies by a lofty defiance; but the Deity hangs out a pair of scales:

'In these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up-flew, and kicked the beam.'

'And Satan, knowing 'his mounted scale aloft,' flies from Paradise.

'In the fifth book, Raphael is sent down from heaven to warn Adam of Satan's devices; he 'with quick fan winnows the buxom air,' and alights in Eden just at the hour of dinner:

'And Eve within, due at her hour, prepared
For dinner.'

'Adam goes to meet the angel, and

'Awhile discourse they held,
No fear lest dinner cool.'

'Adam having expressed some fears lest his repast should be 'unsavory food to spiritual natures,' the angel assures him that spirits require food as well as man; that even the sun receives

'From all his aimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Supps with the ocean.'

'Therefore,' saith he, 'think not I shall be nice. So down they sat, and to their viands fell.'

'After dinner, Adam requests Raphael to relate the history of the rebellion in heaven, which he does at no small length, for the sixth book finds him only at the beginning of the first battle. He

describes the arming of angels on foot, and angels on horseback, and gives them *swords* to fight with, though they could not be wounded. We are told, indeed, that Michael's sword met Satan's, and that some of his followers, 'though huge, and in a rock of diamond armed,' were 'down cloven to the waist;' but then 'the ethereal substance closed, not long divisible,' and these worthy personages recover all their infernal powers. At last the evil spirits invent cannon and gunpowder, for which they find materials *in heaven*.

'The battle, though waged against the *Almighty*, is represented as being doubtful for some time; but at last the Son of God drives the rebels from heaven, and we are told, in mellifluous verse,

'Eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.'

'The angel here concludes his account of the celestial rebellion: but Adam's curiosity is not yet satisfied, and he entreats to be told about the creation of the world. The angel kindly complies in the seventh book, which is merely an amplification of the first chapter of Genesis.

'In the tenth book we find Death 'drawing a scent of carnage,' and 'tasting the savor of death,' though mortality was as yet unknown; and he and Sin set about building a *chain-bridge* from hell to this world, which they at last happily accomplish:

'By wondrous art
Pontifical, with pins of adamant,
And chains, they made all fast,' etc.

'In the meantime the CREATOR

'Bid his angels turn askance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labor pushed
Oblique the central globe,' etc.

'an operation which, we think, must have a little deranged the plan of the bridge which had just been built. Adam and Eve feel the change of climate, and the scolding dialogue which was begun in the ninth book is continued here. In the eleventh book the archangel Michael is sent down to banish Adam and Eve from Eden, and arrives there clothed 'in a purple vest, as man clad to meet man,' though man was not yet clad. Adam, at his approach, 'heart-struck with chilling *gripe* of sorrows stood; but the angel, after a few words, carries him up to a mountain, from which Mr. MILTON says he might have seen all the kingdoms of the earth but for one trifling reason, viz. that they did not yet exist:

'Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Cam,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinean kings, and thence
To Agra and Labor of Great Mogul,' etc.

'Astolf sees many kingdoms as he is hurried through the air; and this is the fiction of Ariosto, which Mr. MILTON here has borrowed only to spoil. The angel first shows Adam *an hospital*, the diseases of whose inmates are described in a page taken from the *Nosology*:

'All feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pains,
Demonic frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.'

'After this brilliant and agreeable spectacle, the angel displays to Adam a kind of panoramic sketch of universal history, from Cain to the Apostles, to whom Mr. MILTON only alludes for the sake of showing his malignity to the church in a passage too long for quotation. The vision which we have noticed thus briefly extends through the eleventh and twelfth books. At its close the angel hurries our first parents out of Paradise, and then leaves them:

'They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.'

'Such is the termination of this 'example of heroic poem,' which is completely destitute of human interest from the nature of the subject, and derives none from the comparisons and illustration which are so profusely introduced. Classical names and fables are strewn about with prodigality; but they are always produced not to show how like, but how *unlike* they are to the personages and actions described in the poem.' . . . 'In order to make out his 'apt number and fit quantity of syllables,' Mr. M. frequently employs the Procrustean method of lengthening the short and shortening the long. *Hermit* is *eremite*, *mortal* is *unimmortal*, *survive* is *over-live*, *marsh* is *marish*, etc. In like manner, *malignant*, *ungrateful*, *magnificent*, *interrupted*, are docked into *malign*, *ingrate*, *magnific*, *interrupt*; and we have 'dark with excessive bright' for brightness. Yet, in spite of the ample use of this liberty, the verse often halts for want of feet.

A capital specimen of verbal criticism, involving comments upon the 'jingling sounds,' and 'perpetual bulls' of the author, closes the critique and the article. Although these *pseudo* reviews are intended merely to form a light, amusing paper, they have yet to our conception a deeper meaning; and as valuable lessons in literature, are well worthy of perusal and preservation.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN ENGLAND: THE MYSTERY OF STYLE.—We scarcely know why it was, that a perusal of the remarkable adventure which ensues should so forcibly have struck the electric chain of memory, and carried us back to early childhood, and the book which was its especial delight, the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of BUNYAN. If the reader will turn with us, however, to the scene in that most felicitous of narratives, where CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL find their way into the dungeons of 'Doubting Castle,' they will be able perhaps to discover the secret of the association. Let us condense therefore a passage of that scene, in illustration of these remarks. 'Now I saw in my dream,' says BUNYAN, 'that the pilgrims went on their way to a pleasant river, and their path lay just upon the bank; and here CHRISTIAN and his companion walked with great delight. On either side of the river was a beautiful meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. Now I beheld in my dream that they had not journeyed far, when the river and the way for a time parted; at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels: so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence; so they went over the stile; and when they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, looking before them, they espied a man walking as they did, whose name was VAIN CONFIDENCE. So they followed; and he went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost the sight of him that went before; who, not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, and was dashed in pieces with his fall. Now CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL heard him fall; so they called to know the matter; but there was none to answer; only they heard a groaning. And now it began to rain, and thunder and lighten in a most dreadful manner; and the waters rose again! Then said CHRISTIAN, 'Who would have thought that this path should have led us astray? Oh, that we had kept on our way!' But now, for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying: 'Let thine heart be toward the highway; even the way that thou wentest, turn again!' But by this time the waters were greatly risen; by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times. Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night; wherefore, at last lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day-break; but being weary, they fell asleep.' Here it was, it will be remembered, that GIANT DESPAIR found them sleeping in his grounds, and with his 'grievous crab-tree cudgel' drove them before him into 'a very dark dungeon' of Doubting-Castle.

But let us come to the adventure to which we have alluded. Perhaps some of our readers will remember a work published in England a half century or more ago, entitled 'The Adventures of HUGH TREVOR,' written by THOMAS HOLCRAFT. At the recommendation of a friend, on whose literary opinion we place the firmest reliance, we obtained the volumes; and not without difficulty, there not being a copy of the work to be found in any of the metropolitan libraries, nor indeed any where short of that unequalled *omnium gatherum*, 'BURNHAM'S,' of the modern Athens. From this work, of which we may have more to say hereafter, we condense the following striking scene. It should be premised that TREVOR and his companion, a man named CLARKE, after a variety of reverses of fortune, are on their way on foot from a town in one of the retired shires of England to the great metropolis. At nightfall they find themselves on the borders of a forest. As they proceed, they meet with a countryman, who learning their destination, informs them that by striking a little out of the road they may save them-

selves much travel; that he is going part of the way himself, and that the remainder is too plain to be mistaken. Accordingly they place themselves under his guidance. But suppose we now permit the narrator to tell the story in his own words :

'THE sun had been down by this time nearly an hour and a half. The moon gave some light; but the wind was rising, she was continually obscured by thick, swift-flying clouds, and our conductor advised us to push on, for it was likely to be a very bad night. In less than a quarter of an hour his prophecy began to be fulfilled. The rain fell, and at intervals the opposing clouds and currents of air, aided by the impediments of hills and trees, gave us a full variety of that whistling, roaring, and howling, which is heard in high winds. The darkness thickened upon us, and I was about to request the countryman to lead us to some village, or even barn, for shelter, when he suddenly struck into another path; and bidding us good night, again told us 'we could not miss our road.' We could not see where he was gone to; and though we repeatedly called, we called in vain; he was too anxious to get shelter himself to heed our anxiety, and was soon out of hearing.

'So long as we could discern, the path we were in appeared to be tolerably beaten; but we now could no longer trace any path; for it was too dark for the ground to have any distinct color. We had skirted the forest, and our only remaining guide was a hedge on our left. In this hedge we placed our hopes. We followed its direction, I know not how long, till it suddenly turned off at an angle; and we found ourselves, as far as we could conjecture, from the intervening lights and the strenuous efforts we made to discover the objects around us, on the edge of some wild place, probably a heath, with hills, and consequently deep valleys, perhaps streams of water, and precipices. We paused; we knelt down, examined with our eyes, and felt about with our hands, to discover whether we yet were in a path; but could find none. We continued our consultation, till we had begun to think it advisable to return, once more guided by the hedge. Yet this was not only very uncertain, but the idea of a retrograde motion was by no means pleasant.

'While we were in this irresolute dilemma, we thought we saw a light, that glimmered for a moment, and as suddenly disappeared. We watched, I know not how long, and again saw it twinkle, though, as we thought, in something of a different direction. Clarke said it was a will-o-the-wisp. I replied it might be one, but as it seemed the only chance we had, my advice was to continue our walk in that direction; in hopes that if it were a light proceeding from any house or village, it would become more visible as we approached. We walked on, I know not how far, and then paused; but discovered no more of the light. We walked on again; again stood still, and looked on every side of us, either for the light or any other object; but we could see nothing distinctly. The obscure forms around us had varied their appearance; and whether they were hills, or clouds, or what they were, we could not possibly discover; though the first we still thought was the most probable. By this time we had no certain recollection of which way we had come, or to what point we were directing our course. We were continually in doubt; now pausing, now conjecturing, now proceeding. We continued to wander, we knew not whither. Sometimes it appeared we went up hill, and sometimes down. We had stepped very cautiously, and therefore very slowly; had warned each other continually to be careful; and had not dared to take twenty steps at a time, without mutually enquiring to know if all were safe. We continued, environed as it were by the objects which most powerfully inspire fear; by the darkness of night, the tumult of the elements, the utter ignorance of where we were or by what objects surrounded, and the dejectedness which our situation inspired. Thieves and assassins might be at our back, and we could not hear them; gulfs, rocks, or rivers, in our front, or on either side, and we could not see them. The next step might plunge us, headlong, we knew not whither.

'These fears were not all imaginary. Finding the ground very uneven on a sudden, and stumbling dangerously myself, I stood still. I did not hear my companion! I called — I received no answer! I repeated, in a louder tone, 'CLARKE! where are you?' Still no answer! I then shouted, with all the fear that I felt, and heard a faint response, that seemed to be beneath me, and at a prodigious distance. It terrified, yet it relieved. We had spoken not three minutes before. I stood silent, in hopes he would speak again; but my fears were too violent to remain so long. I once more called; and he replied, with rather a louder voice, which lessened the apparent distance, 'Take care! You'll dash yourself to pieces!'

Reader, is n't this very graphic description? Yet what could be more straight-forward and simple? But to proceed: TREVOR ascertains from his companion that he is not seriously injured, and avows his own determination at once to get to him; but the other exclaims: 'For God in heaven's sake don't! I suppose I am in a chalk-pit, or at the bottom of a steep crag.' TREVOR however proceeds to crawl on his hands and knees in the direction of his voice, determined if possible to reach him:

'I FOUND the rough impediments around me increase; till presently I came to one that was ruder than the rest. I crawled upon it, sustained by my knees and right hand, and stretching forward with my left. I groped, but felt nothing. I cautiously laid my belly to the ground and stretched out my other arm. Still it was vacancy. I stretched a little more violently; feeling forward and on each side; and I seemed to be projected upon a point, my head and shoulders inclining over a dark abyss, which the imagination left unfathomable. I own I felt terror; and the sensation certainly was not lessened, when, making an attempt to recover my position and go back, my support began to give way. My effort to retreat was as violent as my terror; but it was too late. The ground shook, loosened, and, with the struggle I made carrying me with it, toppled headlong down. What the height that I fell was, I have no means of ascertaining; for the heath on which we were wandering abounds with quarries and precipices; but either it was in fact, or my fears made it, prodigious.'

Recovering from the violent shock of his fall, he replies to the vehement questions of his companion, who had heard his perilous descent. After mutual inquiries, it is found that both are on their legs, and that although violently wrenched, no bones are broken. But where *were* they? and how were they to discover their whereabouts? Perhaps in a stone-quarry, or lime-pit; perhaps at the edge of waters. It might be, too, that they had fallen down only on the first bank or ridge of a quarry, and had a precipice ten-fold more dreadful before them:

'WHILE we were conjecturing, the stroke of a large clock, brought whizzing in the wind, struck full upon our ear. We listened with the most anxious ardor. The next stroke was very, very faint; a different current had carried it a different way; and with all our eager attention, we could not be certain that we heard any more. Yet, though we had lost much time, and our progress had been excessively tedious, it could not be two o'clock in the morning. It might indeed very probably be twelve. The first stroke of the clock made us conjecture it came from some steeple, or hall tower, at no very great distance. The second carried our imaginations we knew not whither. We had not yet recovered courage enough to take more steps than were necessary to come to each other; and while we were considering, during an intermitting pause of the roaring of the wind, we distinctly heard a cur yelp. Encouraged by this, we immediately hallooed with all our might. The wind again began to chafe, and swell, and seemed to mock at our distress. Still we repeated our efforts, whenever the wind paused; but, instead of voices intending to answer our calls, we heard shrill whistlings, which certainly were produced by men. Could it be by good men? By any but night marauders; intent on mischief, but disturbed and alarmed? They were signals indubitably: for we shouted again, they were again given, and were then repeated from another quarter; at least if they were not, they were miraculously imitated, by the dying away of the wind. In a little while we again heard the cur yelp; and immediately afterward a howling, which was so mingled with the blast that we could not tell whether it were the wind itself, the yelling of a dog, or the agonizing cries of a human voice; but it was a dreadfully dismal sound. We listened with perturbed and deep attention; and it was several times repeated, with increasing uncertainty, confusion, and terror.

'What was to be done? My patience was exhausted. Danger itself could no longer detain me; and I told CLARKE I was determined to make toward the village, or whatever the place was, from whence, dangerous and doubtful as they were, these various sounds proceeded. Finding me resolute, he was very earnest to have led the way; and when I would not permit him, he grasped me by the hand, and told me that if there were pitfalls and gulfs, and if I did go down, unless he should have strength enough to save me, we would go down together.'

Cautiously and slowly, step by step, they pursue their way, alternately catching and losing a dancing light in the distance, which they imagine to proceed from some mansion, apparently a large one, which they at length reach, only to find it dark, still, and closed. Searching on the outside, however, they come to a large open gate, which they enter, and after feeling their way for a short distance, arrive at a door that evidently belongs to an out-house or detached building. It is shut, but the key has been inadvertently left in the lock. Fatigued, shelterless, and bruised, they have little hesitation in profiting by the accident. A noisome effluvia assails them on entering, which at first almost drives them back; but growing less the longer they continue, they accept the shelter, and grope their way behind some barrels and lumber, where they find straw, upon which they rest their drenched and weary limbs. They are scarcely nestled together, before they again hear the yelping of a cur, and the same dismal howls and shrill whistling signals, by which their imaginations had previously been wrought up; together with the voices of men, in coarse, rude and savage words, denoting anger and anxiety for the perpetration of some dark purpose, in keeping with the fierce and threatening sounds: 'They approached. One of them had a lantern. He came up to the door; and finding it open, boisterously shut it; with a broad and bitter curse against the carelessness of some man, whose name he pronounced, for leaving it open; and eternally damning others for being so long in doing their business. We were now locked in; and we soon heard no more of the voices.' In spite of these alarms, however, fear at length gives place to fatigue; but their rest is of short duration. TREVOR's brief slumber is disturbed by his companion, whom he finds 'shaking in the most violent agitation he ever beheld in any human being,' and who only replies with a groan to his question of 'What is the matter?' Awakened from his own wild slumbers, and strongly partaking of his companion's sensations, TREVOR yet endeavors to rouse him to speech and recollection, by asking again: 'What have you heard? — what ails you?' 'It was some

time before he could utter an articulate sound. At last, shaking more violently as he spoke, and with inexpressible horror in his voice, he gasping said: '*A dead hand!*' 'Where?' 'I felt it—I had hold of it—it is now at my neck!' TREVOR, trembling in sympathy with his companion, hardly dares to stretch out his arm to examine. At length he ventures: 'Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced, when to my full conviction I actually felt a cold, dead hand between my fingers! I was suffocated with horror! I struggled to overcome it, but it again seized me, and I sank half entranced!' At this instant the shrill sound of the whistle rings piercing through the dismal place in which they are confined. It is answered; and the same hoarse voices are once more heard. The prisoners lie silent, not daring to breathe, when they hear the door unlock; and with a dialogue of mingled oaths and reproaches, at the want of care in leaving the door unlocked, and the prospect of being 'smoked' and 'blown,' two men enter with a lantern, bearing a sack, one of whom exclaims: 'Lift the sack on end! Why the h—ll do n't you lend a hand and keep it steady, while I untie it? Do you think a dead man can stand on his legs?' After much colloquy of this sort, the men quit the place, leaving the two travellers not only with the dead body, but with bones and human skeletons, revealed by the light of the lantern, on every side! The dauncing lights they had seen, the shrill signals, and the dreadful howls they had heard, are no longer mysterious. It was no *ignis fatuus*, but the lantern of those assassins; no dog or wolf baying the moon, but the agonizing yells of murder! After the departure of the desperadoes, they hear various noises in the adjoining house; among others, the occasional ringing of a chamber-bell. Soon other sounds approach more nearly; and presently the inner door once more opens, and a livery servant, bearing two lighted candles, comes in, followed by a man with an apron tied round him, having a kind of bib up to his chin, and linen sleeves drawn over his coat. The master (for such he evidently is) has a meagre, wan countenance; and the servant seems in great trepidation; to whom the gentleman observes: 'Do n't be afraid, MATTHEW; you will soon be accustomed to it, and you will then laugh at your present timidity. Unless you conquer your fears, you will not be able to obey my directions in assisting me; consequently, you will not be fit for your place; and you know you cannot get so good wages in any other.' To all this the prisoners are not inattentive listeners; and as the servant turns round, he beholds TREVOR standing with his eyes fixed, watchful for the interpretation of these enigmas. The man stares, gasps, turns pale, and at last drops down, overcome with terror; while the master, whose attention is thus directed to the apparition of TREVOR, stands motionless, his face assuming a death-like hue, and the power of utterance apparently lost. This incident hastens the *éclaircissement*. In their benighted wanderings, they had at last found a refuge in the *dissecting-room of an anatomist*, who had risen before day to operate upon the subject which had been secured for him in the course of the night by the desperadoes before mentioned.

The picture, it will be perceived, was reflected through the medium of consternation and terror. The imaginations of the travellers had been strongly preyed upon by their distress, by the accident of falling, and by the mingled noises they had heard; proceeding from the church-yard robbers, the village dogs disturbed by them, and the whistling, roaring, and howling so common to high gusts of wind; all which was sufficient to distract minds already in a state of visionary deception and alarm. Being engaged in a desperate deed, for selfish purposes, the 'body-snatchers' had the *manners* of murderers, which the more effectually deceived the terrified travellers. Add to this the spectacle of a dissecting-room; here preparations of arms, pendent in rows, with the vessels injected; and there legs, feet, and other limbs; and a satisfactory *catalogue raisonné* will have been established. For the rest, the anatomist subsequently explains to his unexpected auditors, that finding his health such as to compel him to forego the winter lectures of able surgeons in London, he had continued his practical studies in the country, by the means which they had discovered, and the necessity of procuring which he defended, on

the ground that a surgeon *must* be acquainted with the direction, site, and properties of the muscles, arteries, ligaments, nerves, and other parts, before he can cut the living body with the least possible injury; and that a dead body, being no longer subject to pain, could no more be disgraced by the knife of a surgeon than by the gnawing of the worm. Rather specious reasoning, it strikes us; at least an argument not likely to be particularly convincing to surviving relatives and friends. HOOD's soliloquy of an exhumed 'subject' comes also in aid of the other side of the question:

'I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home,
I did n't stay long in it.

'The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Wo n't let a body be!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—WE must beg leave to say, once for all, and to all, that we cannot permit this Magazine to be made the medium of theological controversy. Several pamphlets, letters, tracts, etc., have been sent us for examination, connected with '*Puseyism and Anti-Puseyism*;' themes also which give the title to a long communication before us, from some one who seems, in 'cramming' for his article, to have gone through a course of the fathers; poured over the canonists, and searched all the schoolmen; for he brings forward a very formidable array of authorities to prove something or other, yet *what*, we cannot justly make out. But if the case be not quite clear, then have TERTULLIAN, CHRYSOSTOM, AUSTIN, JEROME, and the rest, been summoned in vain; in vain the citations from famous high churchmen; archbishops, bishops, deans, and doctors; from WHITGIFT to WATERLAND, from ROGERS to RUTHERFORTH, 'marshalled in dread array, a host invincible.' Then again we have '*A Dialogue between a Puseyite and an Anti-Puseyite*,' which we came near sending to an esteemed friend and correspondent, as an illustration of a recent comment of his upon this species of antagonism; a dialogue in which one speaker does all the talking; here ingeniously sinking a truth, and there raising a swelling fiction, and all with such an air of fairness, and 'triumph through the right!' 'Have you not been amused sometimes,' says our friend, 'to see a reverend disputant set up a little man of straw on the opposite side, and making him support positions he would never take, by arguments he would never use, trip him up with an adroit catch, or knock him down with an annihilating blow; and continue this diverting process of setting up and knocking down, till all sensible people were convinced that he was a mighty cudgeller as well as a sound believer, and his opponent a fool as well as a heretic?' But, 'something too much of this.' We took up our pen merely to say, that while we reverence that true religion which is 'first pure, then peaceable,' we hold in no respect sectarian quarrels, and especially the 'family cat-fights' in which the *Puseyites* and their opponents are at present so vindictively engaged. Of all employments, quarrelling about religion is the worst; and he that *does* quarrel about it, can have none worth quarrelling about, in our humble opinion. 'The man who committed the fatal presumption of first saying to his fellow man, 'You shall think as I do,' is responsible for by far the greater part of all the wretchedness and injustice of this world.' . . . We shall not invite the reader's attention to '*The Innocence of a Galley-Slave*,' the first of two parts of which will be found in preceding pages, simply because it requires no such incentive to perusal. But we cannot forego the satisfaction of assuring the translator that so long as we have been connected with this Magazine, we have never read *any thing* that impressed itself so forcibly upon our imagination. The faithful yet most dramatic portraiture of character; the deep interest excited by the incidents of the story, which proceed by a natural convergence to the *dénouement*; the felicitous management of the dialogue, and the grouping of the scenes and *dramatis personæ*, have never been equalled, to our conception, by any previous writer in the KNICKERBOCKER. Being what is termed 'an old stager,' in a literary sense, we are not wont to be deeply affected by narratives of this sort; but we are bound to state, that after reading '*The Galley-Slave*' at night, we retired to rest, but not to sleep. Its scenes, its characters, were before us during the night-watches, and until the morning dawned; with such variations only as

were produced by the vagaries of half-waking dreams. If there be a reader of the KNICKER-BOCKER who shall disagree with us in opinion, after the perusal of the conclusion of the story in our October number, why we should like to see him — 'some day when he is passing.' . . . THE following was found upon the body of a suicide, taken from the Thames in London. It was well pronounced 'an act of attainder against the whole community, in the infamy of which each man of means had his share. It is irresistible in its truth and pathos :

'THIS body, if ever this body should be found, was once a thing which moved about the earth, despised and unnoticed, and died indigent and unlamented. It could hear, see, feel, smell, and taste, with as much quickness, delicacy, and force as other bodies. It had desires and passions like other bodies, but was denied the use of them by such as had the power and the will to engross the good things of this world to themselves. The doors of the great were shut upon it; not because it was infected with disease or contaminated with infamy, but on account of the fashion of the garments with which it was clothed, and the name it derived from its forefathers; and because it had not the habit of bending its knee where its heart owed no respect, nor the power of moving its tongue to gloze the crimes or flatter the follies of men. It was excluded the fellowship of such as heap up gold and silver; not because it did, but for fear it might, ask a small portion of their beloved wealth. It shrank with pain and pity from the haunts of ignorance which the knowledge it possessed could not enlighten, and guilt that its sensations were obliged to abhor. There was but one class of men with whom it was permitted to associate, and those were such as had feelings and misfortunes like its own; among whom it was its hard fate frequently to suffer imposition, from assumed worth and fictitious distress. Beings of supposed benevolence, capable of perceiving, loving, and promoting merit and virtue, have now and then seemed to fit and glide before it. But the visions were deceitful. Ere they were distinctly seen, the phantoms vanished. Or, if such beings do exist, it has experienced the peculiar hardship of never having met with any, in whom both the purpose and the power were fully united. Therefore, with hands wearied with labor, eyes dim with watchfulness, veins but half nourished, and a mind at length subdued by intense study and a reiteration of unaccomplished hopes, it was driven by irresistible impulse to end at once such a complication of evils.'

'A Temperance Story' relies mainly for its 'fun, which the Editor seems to enjoy,' upon an ancient JOSEPHUS MILLERIUS. The collateral anecdote, however, toward its close, is not so much amiss. Two young men, 'with a humming in their heads,' retire late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which, as they enter, are revealed two beds; but the wind extinguishing the light, they both, instead of taking, as they supposed, a bed apiece, get back-to-back into *one* bed, which begins to sink under them, and come around at intervals, in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explication. Presently one observes to the other: 'I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed.' 'Is there?' says the other; 'so there is in mine, d—n him! Let's kick 'em out!' The next remark was: 'Tom, I've kicked *my* man overboard.' 'Good!' says his fellow-toper; 'better luck than I; my man has kicked *me* out—d—d if he has n't—right on the floor!' Their 'relative positions' were not apparent until the next morning. . . . WHAT a personal presence was that of the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY! All accounts agree in this. We heard an old gentleman say, not long ago, that when a clerk in Philadelphia, he used to walk two or three squares every morning, to meet WASHINGTON as he came down Market-street to his quarters. 'The dignity,' said he, 'of his movements, the grace of his salutation, and the calm sweetness of his smile, were beyond description or comparison.' Sitting the other day on a log, scarcely a stone's throw from where ANDRE was captured, and not far from the little Sleepy-Hollow church, we conversed for an hour with a revolutionary patriot, tremulous with the palsy of age, who pointed out to us the spot, over the Tappan Sea which lay before us, where ANDRE was hung, and where on that day the troops 'spread out thick and black a long way from the gallows.' He lived at VERPLANCK'S Point, close by, when ARNOLD came down in his barge, and went on board the Vulture, all which he himself saw. 'They fired two cannon at the barge,' said he, from this side: having got news of the treason by express; but the gun burst at the second discharge, and took off the legs, to the thighs, of one poor fellow, who was brought to our house, but he died in two hours. The army then lay at Bedford,' continued the old veteran; 'and I saw General WASHINGTON almost every day. He was a noble-looking man; his countenance was terribly pleasant. He did not talk much; but even the little children fairly loved him; and they used to gather about the door of his marquée every morning, to see him; and he used to pat their heads and smile on them: it was beautiful to see.' How uniform and universal is this 'testimony of the eye' in the recollections of WASHINGTON! . . . WE know not *why* it is, but the fact is *so*, that many affected persons are prone to interpolate superfluous letters into a certain class of words, apparently to make them more high-sounding than they would otherwise be. 'Ordure! ordure! gentlemen!' exclaimed a court-crier to a noisy audience the other day, in our hearing. 'That is a fine burst!—what a calm, beautiful forward!' said a lisping young lady, one evening at the National Academy, as she called the attention of her cavalier to LAUNITZ'S lovely 'Rose of the Alhambra,' in breathing

marble. These are vulgarisms of the baser sort, and require the lash. . . . Right glad are we that 'our contemporary' the KNICKERBOCKER steamer, that *Palace of the Hudson*, sustains so well the honor of her name. The metropolitan journals are full of her praises; pronouncing her, in speed, in richness and splendor of decoration, in symmetry of form, and in sumptuousness of convenience and luxury, unequalled by any boat that floats on our waters. It is even so; and what is especially pleasant to observe, is the fact, that there is so much resemblance between the ornamental externals of the 'OLD KNICK,' with whom she shares her name, and the 'palace' in question. Our vignettes and title are enlarged in colors upon her sides, and multiplied in exquisite stained glass and other transparencies, in divers quarters; indeed MAGA triumphs in all her borders. And among all the superb state-rooms, there is not one more gorgeously furnished and decorated than that which bears the silver-plate of 'KNICKERBOCKER;' and which, thanks to the admiral! is subject to our order, 'when we sail.' SHAKESPEARE was right; it is a good thing to have a good name. May the KNICKERBOCKER steamer be as cordially cherished as her namesake; and may she labor as unceasingly, and as successfully, to unite the suffrages of the 'universal public.' That she *will* do so, few who know her own qualities, or those of her justly popular commander, Captain ST. JOHN, can for a moment doubt. . . . OUR Heavenly FATHER 'does not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men;' yet sometimes we encounter examples of the chastenings of His rod, which 'give us pause,' and almost lead us to ask, in the spirit of sympathy with suffering, 'Why hath the ALMIGHTY done this?' Such for a moment were our thoughts the other day, in returning from an excursion by water to the charming retreat of Flushing. Among the passengers who were drinking in the bland airs of the day, and regarding with delight the verdant villa-sprinkled shores, was a man of imposing presence, with a fine intellectual head and face, and with one exception, 'a man altogether pleasant to behold.' He was constantly engaged, however, in that involuntary exercise known as '*St. Vitus's Dance*.' It was very painful to look upon, nor did we permit the afflicted man to know that we were regarding his contortions; but so inexpressibly ludicrous were some of his movements, that a strong sense of the ridiculous was mingled with pity, and it was impossible to conjecture which had the ascendancy. Motions there were in plenty, that no skill of the RAVELS could imitate. In legs and feet, arms, hands, and fingers, there was not a muscle that was not 'unexpectedly called upon' to illustrate the composite style of the saltatory saint. In one instance, the breeze slightly lifted the gentleman's hat; and in raising his hand, quite miscellaneously, to secure it, his fingers were arrested opposite his nose, and forced into a species of gyratory motion, not unfrequently adopted to give force to the phrase, 'Don't you wish you may get it?' Oh! it would have made a Quaker laugh in meeting, to have seen that movement! The poor gentleman now sat down, but not to rest; his feet still kept up an alternate single and double shuffle; his arms dangled down behind him, where one twitched up and down, as if working a fancy-pestle in an imaginary mortar; while his head seemed struggling to look over first one shoulder and then the other, to see what they were doing. But with all this physical affliction, there was peace in that man's bosom. He was a Christian, a minister of the cross of CHRIST. That 'thorn in the flesh had been given him to buffet him,' and no doubt often pierced him sorely; 'yet,' said a friend at our side, 'he can even 'glory in his infirmity;' for looking beyond the fleeting present, he awaits with patience the time when he may 'finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he has received of the LORD JESUS, to testify the gospel of the grace of GOD;' and leaving behind him the shattered tenement in which for a little while he lived — perhaps at times complainingly, yet as in a home — be 'clothed upon with immortality,' and walk in white with the shining ones around the eternal throne!' . . . '*Evening in the City*' is inadmissible. We coincide entirely with the writer in a humble opinion of his literary acquirements. It is quite true, nevertheless, that there are not a few bardings who job occasionally in the Balaam line for the inferior magazines, who are no whit superior to our correspondent. Let us not however condemn him without a hearing. Listen:

'ANON the poor mechanic comes staggering by;
Bearing aloft upon his shoulders a huge pile of wood,
Which, mindful of his good spouse wants, throughout the day
He has with care and pittance culled from out
The refuse wood which has been thrown aside as useless:
With weary and unsteady gait he creeps along,
Anxious too to gaze upon his wife, and rest his weary limbs.
By high command, by the sweat of his brow
Has he won his bread; and if perfect else, has done his duty.
And asked the good part, as well as he
Who bears upon his shoulders the weight of empires;
And legislates for his fellow man; alas! too often
Ignorant of his wants, too often careless and uncaring.

Then come the various men of business, exhibiting at once
The lowly, the wretched, the rich man, the proud and haughty,

And all the different degrees of life that mark the creature man.
 All hasting, each intent upon his calline,
 Some to follow Pleasure's giddy path, and to tread
 The ways of folly, reckless, and unmindful of the duty
 Which they owe unto their MANK, and their fellow man.'

Now the *feeling*, the moral, of this, is quite creditable to the writer's heart; but the *poetry*! 'beg you would n't mention it!' . . . THANKS to Hon. Chief Justice GIBSON of Pennsylvania, and his brother of the bench, Mr. Justice ROGERS, for the honor they have done to the memory of that glorious comedian, 'OLD JEFFERSON!' We cannot quote the inscription upon his new monument, without rendering our own feeble tribute to his genius. The best idea that we have ever seen given of his style is by a writer in the '*Spirit of the Times*,' who remarks that 'he was in broad English comedy what POWER was in his Irish parts.' This is exactly the comparison. Who that has once seen JEFFERSON'S *Dogberry*, can ever forget it? What a look he had for the 'malefactors,' when he left 'the bench' to 'examination those plaintiffs' more nearly!—with his white hair, his long nose, and that incomparable eye-brow of his, retreating up his forehead! Why, we are guffawing this moment at the very *recollection* of the picture! He used to have a part also in a play called '*Who's the Dupe?*' if we remember rightly, which was irresistibly comic. A learned student, in love with his daughter, is pitted against a dashing but uneducated young blood, in a recitation in different languages; in which the composite lingo of the latter, in the eyes of the old gentleman, bears away the palm altogether. The old ignoramus's enthusiasm, as the 'words of learned length and thundering sound' come pouring forth, was only eclipsed in humor by the gratification of his antiquarian propensities, in the possession of an old rusty hand-saw, a pair of skeleton tongs, and a rickety gridiron, which he bears triumphantly upon the stage, all having their 'precious past,' and the latter especially venerable for having been employed as a model of the Escorial, by the architect of that edifice! Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING once remarked to us, in reply to an inquiry whether he had ever seen 'Old JEFFERSON,' that he had seen him often; and that he had scarcely ever seen his equal, for naturalness of manner and quiet humor, and never his superior in the perfect manner in which he *dressed* his characters. But we are keeping the reader from the inscription upon his tomb in the Episcopal cemetery at Harrisburg, on the banks of the Susquehanna; 'as beautiful a spot as the god of day ever shone upon:' Beneath this marble are deposited the ashes of JOSEPH JEFFERSON; an actor whose unrivalled powers took in the whole extent of comic character, from Pathos to heart-shaking Mirth. His coloring was that of Nature; warm, fresh, and enriched with the finest conceptions of genius. He was a member of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in its high and palmy days; and the compeer of COOPER, WOOD, WARREN, FRANCIS, and a host of worthies, who like himself are remembered with admiration and praise. He died at Harrisburg, on the fourth of August, 1832, in the sixty-second year of his age.

'I knew him well, HORATIO;
 A fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy.'

We had the wish strong at our heart to oblige our young correspondent at Macon, Georgia. His poetry is 'tolerable,' certainly; but did he ever eat a 'tolerable egg?' There is some analogy in the 'articles.' . . . THE stanzas entitled '*The Printer*,' in preceding pages, have recalled to mind a few remarks of OLLAPOD upon '*Newspapers*,' which we shall venture to quote in this connection: 'COMMEND me to a newspaper. COWPER had never seen one of our big sheets, when he called such four-paged folios '*maps* of busy life.' They are more; they are life itself. Its ever sounding and resistless *vox populi* thunders through their columns, to cheer or to subdue, to elevate or to destroy. Let a man do a dirty action, and get his name and deed into the papers, and then go into the street, Broadway for example, and you will see his reception. Why is he shunned as if a noisome pestilence breathed around him? Why does each passer-by curl his lip, and regard him with scorn? Because *they have seen the newspaper*, and they know him. So, in a contrary degree, is it with honorable and gifted men. The news-prints keep their works and worth before the public eye, and when themselves appear, they are the observed of all observers. Hats are lifted at their approach, and strangers to whom they are pointed out gaze after them with reverence. Success to newspapers! They are liable, it is true, to abuse—as what blessing is not?—but they are noble benefits nevertheless. I have a strong attachment to them, because I deem them a kind of moral *batteaux de plaisance*, or rail-cars mayhap, wherein you can embark before breakfast, or after dinner, and survey the world and the kingdoms thereof. It is a cheap and right wholesome way of journeying.' . . . WHAT curious things are the fictions of law! Did JOHN DOE or RICHARD ROE ever make their personal appearance in any court? Were they ever once met in any house, street, or field, public or private? Nay, had they ever the good luck to be born?

Who ever encountered STILES or JACKSON, those litigious rascals, who have been playing plaintiff and defendant for so many years, in processes of ejectment? Look too at the gross fibs in all indictments for assault and battery, to say nothing of their tautology. 'Do us the favor to observe:'

'FOR that the said defendant, on the first day of September, in the year of our Lord 1843, assaulted the said plaintiff, to wit, at New-York, in the county and state of New-York, and then and there spit in the face of the said plaintiff, and with great force and violence seized and laid hold of the said plaintiff by his nose, and greatly squeezed and pulled the same; and then and there plucked, pulled, and tore divers large quantities of hair from and off the head of the said plaintiff; and then and there, with a certain stick and with his fists gave and struck the said plaintiff a great many violent blows and strokes on and about divers parts of his body; and also then and there, with great force and violence, shook and pulled about the said plaintiff, and cast and threw the said plaintiff down to and upon the ground, and then and there violently kicked the said plaintiff, and gave and struck him a great many other blows and strokes; and also then and there, with great force and violence, rent, tore, and damaged the clothes and wearing apparel, to wit, one coat, one waistcoat, one pair of breeches, one cravat, one shirt, one pair of stockings, and one hat, of the said plaintiff, of great value, to wit, of the value of one hundred dollars, which the said plaintiff then and there wore, and was clothed with. By means of which said several premises, the said plaintiff was then and there greatly hurt, bruised, and wounded, and became and was sick, sore, lame, and disordered, and so remained and continued for a long space of time, to wit, for the space of three weeks, then next following; during all which time the said plaintiff thereby suffered and underwent great pain, and was hindered and prevented from performing and transacting his necessary affairs and business, by him during that time to be performed and transacted, and also thereby the said plaintiff was forced and obliged to, and did necessarily pay, lay out, and expend a large sum of money, to wit, the sum of fifty dollars, lawful money of the United States of America, in and about endeavoring to be cured of the bruises, wounds, sickness, soreness, lameness, and disorder aforesaid, occasioned as aforesaid.'

QUERE? would the 'waistcoats,' 'breeches,' etc., be numbered, in the case of an old-fashioned Dutchman, wearing eight or ten of each? How are 'precedents' and the 'old English law' on this point? . . . THE *Meadow-Farm Papers* are brought to a conclusion in the present number. The reader will have been struck with the excellent inculcations of the writer, the evident honesty of his purpose, and the simple energy of his style. We thought of him, and the *'Association'* he has described, while looking recently at an effective painting of the *'Sylvania Association'* in Pike county, Pennsylvania. Whatever the reality may be, the sketch itself of the divided labors of the associated, in the picturesque region they have secured, is beautiful exceedingly. For a moment it rolled back the tide of time, and brought up anew those scenes of nature, the love of which was implanted in us in our youth. Oh! it is an incalculable, sacred blessing, to have lived in the country in boyhood; if for nothing else, that in after years glimpses of its soft green meadows, its breezy hills and leafy woods, may visit the eyes of the imagination, amidst the smoke and din of the city! . . . *'High and Low Coachmen'* has a good deal of humor, but we are sorry to say, a good deal also of irreverence for sacred things. We do not wish to speak with lightness of religion, although it would perhaps be 'doing evil that good might come,' in a clever satire like this upon sectarian controversy. It would seem, that at a meeting for granting licenses to several drivers, two old coachmen rise and protest against the admission of two candidates into the ranks of the *'Moral United Hackmen,'* on the ground that they hold opinions in relation to coaches, and the driving of the same, which are entirely heretical, and contrary to the canons of the hackney fathers, 'from JEHU and the artist who drove the chariot and horses of ELISHA, down to the most eminent coachmen of the present day.' For this charge, the *'Low Coachmen'* 'fault' their opponents, (to use the pellucid grammar of modern controversialists,) but they won't be 'faulted' in that manner; and the whole 'establishment' is thus thrown into 'most admired disorder.' . . . A good deal of criticism has lately been expended upon the form and aspect of several of our public and private fountains; and especially upon that bit of 'chaste practice,' the big stone-heap in the Bowling-Green. CHANTREY, in a letter to Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, has one or two thoughts, from which our Croton engineers, and those whose money employs them, may perhaps derive some hints worthy of consideration: 'I am not aware of any subject on which art has been employed that has given rise to so much costly nonsense and bad taste as fountains. Your idea of water spouting from holes and crevices in the rock-work is pleasing enough; but then rock-work is not fit for a pedestal; and I warn you against adopting the vulgar and disgusting notion of making animals spew water, or the more natural one of the little fountain at Brussels and Carrara. Avoid all these beastly things, whether natural or unnatural, and adopt the more classic and pleasing notion of the ancient river-god with his overflowing urn, the best emblem of abundance.' . . . WELL-APPLIED ridicule of that which is in itself ridiculous, and which 'will not, cannot come to good,' is we think justifiable; the end to be obtained sanctifies the means; and it was to such an end, no doubt, that the following rhapsody of strange but

impressive vulgar eloquence was noted down by an auditor of a Methodist divine from Shropshire, preaching near Oxford, England, 'to an assembly of the profane.' In the midst of an illustration of 'mysteries suddenly unfolded, descending like lightning by the inspiration of the spirit, and illuminating the darkened soul; moaning old women, watchful with sobs and groans at every divine ejaculation to aid the heaving motions of the spirit, and take heaven by storm;' the minister bursts out into the following sentences: 'I am not one of your fashionable, fine-spoken, mealy-mouthed preachers; I tell you the plain truth. What are your pastimes? Cards and dice, fiddling and dancing, guzzling and guttling! Can you be saved by dice? No! Will the four knaves give you a passport to heaven? No! Can you fiddle yourselves into a good birth among the sheep? No! You will dance yourselves to damnation among the goats! You may guzzle wine here, but you'll want a drop of water to cool your tongues hereafter! Will the prophets say, 'Come here, gamester, and teach us the long odds?' 'Tis odds if they do! Will the martyrs rant and swear, and shuffle and cut with you? No! the martyrs are no shufflers. You will be cut in a way you little expect. *LUCIFER* will come with his reapers and his sickles and forks, and you will be cut down and bound and pitched and carted and housed in hell! I will not oil my lips with lies to please you. I tell you the plain truth. *AMMON* and *MAMMON* and *MOLOCH* are making Bethoron hot for you! Profane wretches! I have heard you wrangle and brawl, and tell one another *before me*, 'I'll see you d—d first!' But I tell you the day will come, when you will pray to *BEELZEBUB* to let you escape his clutches. And what will be *his* answer? 'I'll see you d—d first!' . . . *THE 'Evening Reveries of a Book-worm'* we desired to publish, for the *thoughts* which the paper contains; but the style is too 'rambling and desultory;' it is *confused*. Take the last two pages, for example; the reflections upon 'those who have thought, written, printed, and died,' and see how inferior they are to the reflections contained in *SOUTHERY's* lines 'To my Library,' in an early number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*:

'My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

'My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on,
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.'

WE have already solved several weighty mathematica! problems in this department of the *KNICKERBOCKER*; and are glad of an opportunity farther to enlighten our readers with a passage from a 'Lecture on *Mechanics*' in a late number of the 'London Charivari;' 'If certain weighty things are put upon a body, they will turn the scale, and elevate another body. Thus, if several thousand pounds be added to the weight of an electioneering agent, it will elevate the candidate; though this experiment sometimes fails; which shows us that these grand results are not brought about by any fixed principles!' Under the head of 'Forces applied to a Point,' we have this luminous illustration: 'It sometimes happens that force is applied to produce a point; but all the straining in the world will not obtain the point that is desired. Thus, if you take an ordinary hammer and hammer away at a joke, the result of the experiment will illustrate the position!' . . . *WHEW!* ninety-eight mortal pages, received in the dog-days, containing a '*nouvelette*' for the *KNICKERBOCKER*! 'Somebody take this man away!' The story is in very fine hand-writing, too! 'All things must have an end; even so contemptible a thing as a sausage has two,' says 'The *Bedlamite*;' yet we have been unable to find but *one* end to this tale, and that was not the last one. 'Print it?' Could n't, really! 'C.' holds it for the author, and says he shall charge storage. *Appropos*: it should be observed, that '*nouvelettes*' are generally boreish in their character. Long-winded pen-and-ink writers inflict them upon the public usually, we have remarked. They are a cross between the novel proper and a newspaper tale, requiring little invention, and no talent, to speak of; and are the result of the decadence into which two-volumed romances have fallen. Avoid a '*nouvelette*!' . . . We cannot better reply to 'G.,' who complains of '*an excuse*' for rejecting a communication of his, than by quoting the words of a time-honored novelist and rare critic: 'There is one best and clearest way of stating a proposition, and that alone ought to be chosen; yet how often do we find the same argument repeated and repeated and repeated, with no variety except in the phraseology? In developing any thought, we ought not to encumber it by trivial circumstances; we ought to say all that is necessary, and not a word more. We ought likewise to say one thing at once; and that concluded, to begin another. We certainly write to be understood, and should therefore never write in a language that is unknown to a majority of our readers. The rule will apply as well to the living languages as to the dead, and its infringement is but in general a display of the author's vanity. Epithets, unless they increase

the strength of thought or elucidate the argument, ought not to be admitted. Of similes, metaphors, and figures of every kind, the same may be affirmed; whatever does not enlighten confuses. The difficulties of composition resemble those of geometry; they are the recollection of things so simple and convincing that we imagine we never can forget them; yet they are frequently forgotten at every step and in every sentence.' If these remarks do not confirm the validity of our 'excuse,' we are no judge. . . . HERE is a sharp thrust at '*Fashionable Boarding-Schools*,' which is all that we can appropriate of the letter of our Cincinnati friend: 'A modern boarding-school is a place where every thing is taught, and nothing understood; where airs, graces, mouth-primming, shoulder-setting, and elbow-holding are studied, and affectation, formality, hypocrisy, and pride are acquired; and where children the most promising are presently transformed into vain, pert misses, who imagine that to jerk up their heads, turn out their toes, and dance and waltz well, is the summit of human perfection.' What a satirical wretch it is! . . . ALISON, in his fine description of the French army on the morning before the battle of Waterloo, alludes to the effect of the martial airs upon the soldiers; the 'Marsellois,' the 'Chant du Depart,' etc. This latter we have recently encountered for the first time, in a superbly-illustrated work, entitled '*Chants and Chansons of France*.' It is a very stirring effusion; as a few of its opening lines will sufficiently evince:

'La victoire en chantant vous ouvre la barriere,
La liberte guide nos pas,
Et du nord au midi la trompette guerriere
A sonne l'heure des combats.

'Tremblez, ennemis de la France,
Rois ivres de sang et d'orgueil!
Le peuple souverain s'avance,
Tyran descendez au cerueil,' etc.

THE comparison between '*New-England Men and Scotchmen*' is in many respects a correct one, but not in all. 'We are not a nation of gentlemen, thank God!' says a plain-speaking Scottish writer, 'but the greater part of our population is vulgar, intelligent, high-cheeked, raw-boned, and religious.' The article, however, will appear so soon as we can find space for it. . . . WE are bound to accept the apology of 'M.,' whose 'curt notelet' we adverted to in our last. He trusts that after his explanation we shall 'not think hard of him.' We do not; on the contrary, we think very *soft* of him. Don't do so again—that's all. . . . THE lamented OLLAPOD, in one of his admirable salmagundis in these pages, once endeavored to represent the sound of *a kiss*; and it was conceded, we remember, that he was successful in the attempt. Next to that effort, we have seen nothing better than the following *transcript* of fire-works, by a London wag: 'First of all, the rockets go up. Then something is lighted, and turns slowly round with a *whisk!*—*ish-ish-ish*; this increases its time, and changes to *oosh-sh-sh*; gives a *bang*, and goes round another way, with an *ash-sh-sh*! till squibs open all round it in a prolonged *phiz-iz-iz-iz*! and then it concludes with a *phit!* *crack!* *bang-bang!* *bang!* and the incandescent centre of the wheel is all that remains, revolving in a dull circle of light upon its axis.' If this be not 'speaking description,' we know not what is. . . . READER, when in the providence of God it shall be your fate to stand by the cold form of one whom you have loved; to gaze upon lips, oh! how pale and motionless; upon hands thin and wasted, crossed upon the silent breast; upon eye-lids dropped upon cheeks of clay, never to be lifted again; then haply you may think of these beautiful lines of the good WESLEY. Amidst remembered hopes that vanished and fears that distracted, weeping in unknown tumults, 'like soft streamings of celestial music' comes to your aching heart this serene *Evangel!*

How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner, like me.

This dust is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shalladden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
The quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble or torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never will flutter again!

The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The fountains can yield no supplies,
The hollows from water are free,
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

THERE lives a man in this metropolis of Gotham, who is esteemed by his fellow-citizens, among whom he has honestly acquired an ample fortune, for the strict integrity which characterizes his

dealings in trade, and his unexceptionable private life. On one occasion he was asked at his barber's, on which side of two political parties he was going to vote, at an election to be holden that day. He replied, with something of a flush on his countenance, that he believed he should avoid voting on either side; such had hitherto been his practice. 'Yes, I guess it *has*!' whispered a man in the chair, as he arrested the barber's hand, and wiped the soap-foam from his lips; 'fact is, he *can't* vote. He was three years in the state-prison!' Now this *was* the fact. He had been three years immured in the penitentiary of a neighboring State, for a crime committed in the heat of passion, and he has to many friends given an account of the mental agony which he endured on first entering the institution. It was not so much the physical suffering; the tedious, sleepless nights in his narrow cell; the sorrowful silence in which he plied his incessant and thankless labor; his coarse and scanty food; not so much these, as the companionship of the hardened wretches around him, whose crimes he could only imagine from the character of their faces, as he caught glimpses of their features in the turning of a gang in marching, or in the chapel on the Sabbath. The *degradation of spirit* it was that almost broke his heart. 'It mattered little,' he thought, 'how much he might be abused, what insolence of office he might suffer, or how deeply the iron in the dungeon might enter into his soul. Who would care for the unhappy convict? If he should repent and become a reformed man, no one would believe him, no one would employ him; and he would be compelled to give proof of his moral improvement by suffering starvation unto death.' For the first two or three weeks, he was almost *mad* with the intensity of his mental suffering; and he remained in this state until one Sabbath morning, when the keeper, who was a Churchman by persuasion, permitted the Episcopal service to be read to the prisoners, at the request of a young relation, who was a student at a neighboring theological seminary. 'Never,' has our informant often heard the *ci-devant* state-prisoner say, 'never shall I forget the effect of one of those blessed prayers upon my mind. It taught me that I was not utterly forgotten and cast away, in my desolate abode.' The prayer runs as follows: 'O God, who sparest when we deserve punishment, and in thy wrath rememberest mercy, we humbly beseech thee of thy goodness to comfort and succor all those who are under reproach and misery in the house of bondage: correct them not in thine anger, neither chasten them in thy sore displeasure. Give them a right understanding of themselves, and of thy threats and promises; that they may neither cast away their confidence in thee, nor place it any where but in Thee. Relieve the distressed, protect the innocent, and awaken the guilty; and forasmuch as thou alone bringest light out of darkness and good out of evil, grant that the pains and punishments which these thy servants endure, through their bodily confinement, may tend to settling free their souls from the chains of sin; through Jesus CHRIST our LORD.' . . . THE '*Pinch for Snuffers*' was long ago anticipated by the lamented OLLAPOD, in an article on '*American Pyralism*.' There are 'statistics' in the present paper, however, which we do not remember to have encountered before; for example: 'If the practice of moderate snuff-taking be persisted in for forty years, it has been correctly ascertained that two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it! If time is money, therefore, is n't snuff-taking a habit which costs more than it comes to?' Perhaps so; but for all that, we say, let the devotees of the dust enjoy their 'sneezin', as it is termed in Scotland; for to them its titillations are most delici-ishi-ishi-ishious! . . . We are sorry to be compelled to decline the elaborate article of our Charleston correspondent, who desires an allusion to his paper in this department of our Magazine. It has been well said, by one whom we are sure our contributor would consider authority, that the wisdom as well as the common feelings that belong to such subjects, lie upon the surface in a few plain and broad lines. There is a want of genius in being very ingenious about them; and it belongs to talents of the second order to proceed with a great apparatus of reasoning. We may be wrong; but it has occurred to us, that the great defect in the written efforts of many clever newspaper and magazine essayists of the South, consists in their being 'elaborated to tenuity, or argued to confusion.' . . . Among the publications received too late for notice in the present number, are 'Geological Cosmogony; or an examination of the geological theory of the origin and antiquity of the earth, and of the causes and object of the changes it has undergone; by a Layman: Mr. ROBERT CARTER, at 58 Canal-street, publisher; the 'Spanish Guide for Conversation and Commerce, in two parts; being a Sequel to the author's Spanish Grammar and Translator: by JULIO SOLER, one of our most successful and popular Spanish teachers; a prospectus of a work entitled 'Annals and Occurrences of New-York City and State in the Olden Time;' being a collection of memoirs, anecdotes, and incidents, concerning the city, country, and inhabitants, from the days of the founders; intended to exhibit society in its changes of manners and customs, and the city and country in their local changes and improvements; with pictorial illustrations; Mrs. CHILDS' 'Letters from New-York;'

and Dr. PEREIRA's new work on food and diet, with observations on the dietetical regimen, suited for disordered states of the digestive organs; and an account of the dietaries of some of the principal metropolitan and other establishments for paupers, lunatics, children, the sick, etc., etc. We have heard this work highly commended by competent judges; but to our humble conception, there is something very *audiveris* in publishing a book to tell people how to devour their food. There is no mystery in the matter. Hunger and thirst are simple, strait-forward instincts, not likely to be much improved by artificial erudition. We have late numbers of the '*Rivista Ligure*,' of Genoa, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of our consul at that capital. Brief notices of the following works are in type: 'Usury;' THOMSON's '*Dar's Algebra*,' 'The New Purchase,' 'The Karen Apostle,' etc. . . . Our readers have lately had an opportunity of enjoying several of the early prose-papers of the gifted SANDS. Here are a few pleasant poetical extracts from a New Year's Address, written seventeen years ago, touching among other things upon ADAMS's election, the great Erie Canal celebration, KEAN's reception at Boston, hard times, broken banks, etc.:

The next thing that deserves reflection
Is Mr. ADAMS, his election;
With which we all must be content,
And say 'God bless the President.'
How far his talents may be great
The aforesaid Poet cannot state;
All that he knows of his abilities,
Is that he interchanged civilities
With him one morning at the Hall,
When he shook hands with great and small;
And also got some punch and vivers
The Corporation gave to divers.

You all do know that the last ditch
Of work is done on the Big Ditch;
And saw, no doubt, the grand procession
That was got up on the occasion:
When soldiers, tailors, printers, furriers,
Free-masons, soap-boilers, and curriers,
Cordwainers, college-boys, and bakers,
Butchers, and saddle-and-harness-makers,
Boat-builders, coppersmiths, and tanners,
Walked forth with badges and with banners,
And every other craft and mystery,
(A show unparalleled in history.)
The Poet had no place assigned
In the parade with his own kind;
He stood apart amid the squinters,
The carrier trudged among the printers,
Distributing from time to time
Small odes that were pronounced sublime.
The Poet also was worse slighted,
Not being to the Hook invited;
Of course he has no just conception
Of the Lake's marriage with old Neptune,
Or if the salt sea felt compunction
With the fresh lake to make a junction;
Or whether Neptune took the sense
Of Doctor MITCHELL's eloquence;
But all who witnessed the solemnity,
Returned from sea with full indignity,
Pleased with the punch, the sail and speecheing,
Returning thanks they had no reaching,
Or collapsed dues to spoil the pleasure,
Although they steamed beyond all measure.

The child that is unborn may rue,
He did not live that day to view.

To mention how we can't refrain
How naughty KEAN came back again,
Despite of many a rotten pippin,
Contrived his ancient orb to keep in,
And (such the morals of the age!)
Once more to re-usurp the stage;
Acquiring bravos, praise, and self,
And Richard is again himself,
But when to Boston bold he went,
The 'winter of their discontent'
Began to blow with so much force,
He gave his 'kingdom for a horse,'
And galloped off at such a pace,
As if 'six Richmonds' were in chase.

But hark! a voice! a voice of squalling;
Cotton is falling—falling—falling!
Credit grows low, and faith is shaking,
Banks won't discount, and firms are breaking;
Dead lies the Eagle of New-Haven,
And many honest folks are shaven;
Stopped are the Lombard and the Derby,
And many people suffering thereby.
Cash has grown scarce, and none can know it
Better than him the carrier's poet,
Who having in the funds no money
Looks on the moul as rather funny.
He to whom scarce for ever cash is
Little regards the daily smashes;
But what of this? the radiant sun
Will shine as he has always done,
And round, and round him as of old,
The earth her annual course will hold;
Eyes will be bright, and hearts be gay,
At ball, at opera, and play;
As sweetly to the brilliant ring,
The syren of the stage will sing;
And the full burst of melody
Will soar, as strong, as clear, as high,
Though hearts are broke, and hopes have fled,
And you have failed, and I go dead;
And suns will set, and moons will vary,
And men die, as is ordinary.

'The Clubs of New-York' we recognize to be from the pen of a lady. She writes, however, of clubs as they exist in London, not in this metropolis, where they are few, and far less exacting of the time and affections of their members. We quite agree with our fair correspondent in her animadversions upon the devotion which they attract from the heads of families. Mrs. MALAPROP argues that married men ought to give up their clubs, 'because HERCULES gave up his when he got spliced!' . . . A WORD to our friend 'H.' at 'H—, on the Hudson.' We have long cherished the intention to avail ourselves of your kind offer; but we shall lay down no more pieces of stone in the infernal pavement. Cordial thanks, however, in any event. . . . 'LUCY' is a very good versificatrix, but she greatly lacks condensation. Try again; and 'take your time, Miss LUCY.' . . . 'NEANIAS,' of Danville, Kentucky, is again unsuccessful. 'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.' Let him not be discouraged, however. . . . PERHAPS our musical readers will relish a little intelligence 'from the other side,' touching their favorite science. We learn from that mad wag, PUNCH, that the society of Musical Antiquaries have traced the origin of Scottish Minstrelsy to Norway; so that it is possible the lays of BURNS are remotely connected with the Scandinavian SCALDS. We hear also of a remarkable concert given by an artist to whom a distinguished *maestro* had bequeathed his sheet-iron fiddle. 'He has all the rapidity and tone

of his master, and equals every other great solo-player of the day, in never knowing when to 'leave off!' . . . 'The beautiful sentence quoted in your last 'Gossip,' writes a correspondent, 'That charity which Plenty gives to Poverty is human and earthly, but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want,' has recalled to my mind an old song, which I should be glad to see in your pages:'

I.
Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer-Gray!
And why dost thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that's cold;
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!

II.
Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer-Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass:
'Nay, but credit I've none;
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!

III.
Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer-Gray;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
'The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches;
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!

IV.
The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer-Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever meet me in want,
Well-a-day!

V.
The squire has fat bees and brown ale,
Gaffer-Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
'His fat bees and his beer,
And his merry new-year
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!

VI.
My keg is but low I confess,
Gaffer-Gray;
What then! While it lasts man, we'll live.
The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!

In the course of an article, some passages of which appear in preceding pages, an imaginary GIFFORD lashes MILTON for his careless and ungrammatical style, his awkward ellipses, etc.; but even these are turned to beauties in his hands. What could be more forcible and striking than the last of the three following lines?—and yet who but MILTON could brave such an indefensible ellipsis? It is not unlike that sublime grammatical error, 'Angels and God is here!' which few would venture to correct:

'Should God create another Eve,
And I another rib afford, yet loss of these
Would never from my heart.'

The following papers are either filed for insertion or under consideration: the second and concluding part of the '*Innocent Galley-Slave*;' 'Fiorello's Fiddlestick;' 'Thoughts on Immortality;' 'Letter from Boston;' 'Lines to Fanny;' 'The Doomed Ship;' 'On the Death of a Class-mate;' 'A Fourth of July Excursion;' 'Chronicles of the Past;' Lines by 'B. F. R.' 'Exercises of the Alumnae of the Albany Female Academy,' etc. 'The Floral Resurrection' shall take place when 'the Spring-time of the year is coming.' By a careless oversight, the beautiful lines of our favorite LOXE, although in type, were excluded from the present number.

GILES'S ORATION BEFORE THE NATCHEZ FENCIBLES.—A thin, brief pamphlet lies before us, containing an oration delivered at Natchez, (Miss.) on the fourth of July last, before the corps of the 'Natchez Invincibles' and other citizens, by WILLIAM MASON GILES, Esq. We regard it with favor and with dislike. Its *spirit* is truly *American*, patriotic, in all respects unexceptionable, and most honorable to the writer. Its *style*, however, is not creditable to the writer's taste: it is in many parts of the oration stilted and inflated. There is a lack of care and revision also; but this may be attributed to the great haste and bodily disability which we are informed attended its production, and which indeed we cannot doubt; since in the brief letter which announces the yielding of the orator to the solicitations of his friends, of a copy for publication, there are at least two errors which would favor a verdict of damages in an action for assault and battery upon old PRISCIAN. We allude to the substitution of 'will' for 'shall,' and *vice versa*. Speaking of days sacred to Liberty, the Sabbath-days of Freedom, the orator remarks: 'All nations, where freedom and knowledge have found an asylum, have had such anniversaries; days when the strife and bustle of business have ceased; when all cares being laid aside, and every energy *concentered and tuned in unison to the jubilant strain* which should arise from hearts grateful to the past for its valor and virtue, and, nerved for the future, prepared to transmit to posterity the precious *casket* of freedom unsullied by any *cloud* of dishonor, and unsoiled by any *lovel* whether from domestic or foreign hands.' A style like this '*permeates the inmost recesses*' of the realms of taste, Mr. GILES,

'allow us to say.' A common error is here forcibly alluded to by the orator: 'We are apt to talk of our release from Great Britain on the fourth of July, 1776, as a 'liberation from slavery.' We *never* were in slavery. As men, as Anglo-Saxons, as subjects of the British empire, we, in this country, were always freemen, and never yielded our birth-right; it was the attempt to curtail our rights, to interfere with our domestic polity, and to check our career of greatness, that led to the Declaration of Independence; but the eternal and immutable truths of that sacred instrument were written upon our hearts, were embodied in the colonial charters and institutions, were the household words of the nation for generations before they were penned by a committee of Congress. Every where, for a century and more previous to the date of our Independence, in the primary assemblies of the people, in the legislative halls, in judicial tribunals, from the press, and by word of mouth, the colonists knew and proclaimed their rights; and thus Great Britain came to believe that we were determined on severing every tie which bound us to the land from whence we came. Does this look like slavery?' We commend this oration warmly to our readers, for its truly American tendency and spirit.

'*LIFE AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY.*'—Two *superb* volumes thus entitled, executed in a style of typographical neatness which would be remarkable in any other press save that of the printer, DICKINSON of Boston, have just been issued by MESSRS. ROBERT P. BIXBY AND COMPANY of this city. They reach us at a late hour; leaving us only time and space to state, that here, in addition to a copious biography, are gathered together a far larger and better collection of Mr. CLAY's public performances than has heretofore been given to the public. The speeches, addresses, etc., amount to eighty in number; and cover all the ground, and embrace all the prominent events, of his public life. 'No labor,' says the compiler, in an inflated and carelessly written preface, 'has been spared in seeking for them; and it is believed that few if any which have been reported will be found wanting in the collection.' A brief but comprehensive memoir is prefixed to each, illustrative of the subject and occasion on which it was delivered, and the fate of the question. Mr. CLAY's eloquence, however, is said to be of that order, that no written or verbal report of his words can do any justice to it. The ease of his delivery, the music of his unsurpassed voice, and the 'grace beyond the reach of art' which characterizes his carriage and gesture, are described as calculated to win the applause of all who have ever had the good fortune to hear him in public debate. We must not neglect to notice the pictorial attractions of these volumes. They contain a full-length portrait of Mr. CLAY; a view of his birth-place in Virginia; of his present seat at Ashland, Kentucky; and of the fine monument erected in his honor, near Wheeling, Virginia; the whole transferred to steel from original paintings, by our excellent engraver, Mr. DICK. The volumes are destined to a wide sale.

'*THE BLAND PAPERS.*'—We have received from the hands of Mr. H. BARNUM, of Virginia, a copy of a handsome book, of some two hundred and ninety pages, printed at Petersburg, Virginia, bearing the title of 'The Bland Papers; being a selection from the manuscripts of THEODORICK BLAND, Jr., of Prince George county, Virginia. To which are prefixed an Introduction, and a Memoir of Colonel BLAND. Edited by CHARLES CAMPBELL.' The volumes before us contain a great number of important manuscripts and letters connected with our revolutionary struggle, written by persons of the highest distinction, from General WASHINGTON downward, whose confidence and friendship, we may add, Colonel BLAND had the happiness to enjoy, without abatement or interruption, during his whole life. We anticipate no small degree of pleasure from the perusal of these rare and accidentally-discovered documents. The work is divided into three parts, with an appendix. The three parts consist wholly of letters; the appendix comprises not only letters but other miscellaneous writings, such as military orders, congressional papers, etc. The first part is composed of correspondence held prior to the revolutionary war; the second part of correspondence held during the war; and the third part of correspondence held subsequently. The 'Bland Papers' are on sale in this city at MESSRS. BARTLETT AND WELFORD'S, Number seven, Astor-House.

NEW POEM, BY ROBERT TYLER, Esq.—The Brothers HARPER have published, quite in a model style of drawing-paper and typography, a poem by ROBERT TYLER, Esq., entitled '*Death, or Medorus' Dream.*' We receive the volume at the moment of closing our pages, and have not as yet found time to examine it with a leisurely eye. If we may judge of its character, however, from the extract entitled 'Death,' which appeared originally in these pages, and which was widely copied and commended, we may safely predict that the poem will find favor with the public, and add to the author's reputation. We shall recur to the volume on another and more convenient occasion.